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WEEK ENDING JULY 18 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In This Issue: The AMERICAN HUSBAND *By Fannie Hurst*

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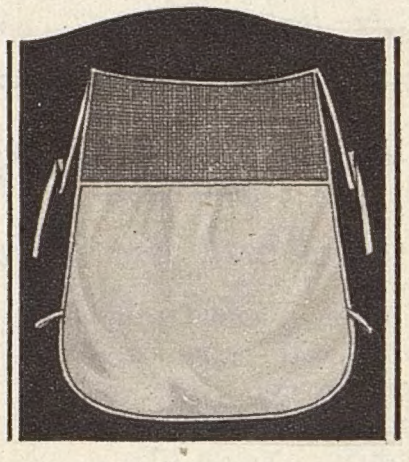
Two Hickory protectors are offered you for year-round use in keeping well-groomed. The Hickory Sanitary Apron you probably know. The Hickory Shadow Skirt is new—and wonderfully useful!

The Hickory Apron



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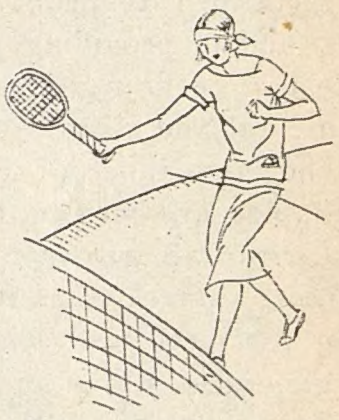
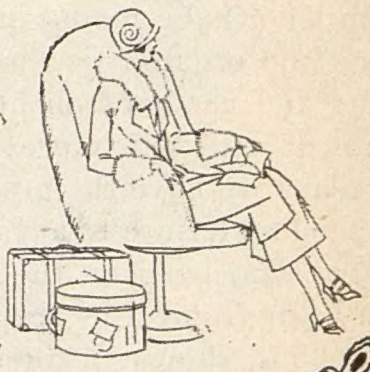


In the glaring sun, under gaze of the gallery, it's greatly reassuring—even steadies one's game—to know that the skirt is completely shadow-proofed.

Under "thins and fluffies"—of course you'll want the protection of a Shadow Skirt or Apron. And be sure to have one for your train trip or motor tour—to make a fresh, well-groomed arrival.



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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THINGS WE GET FOR NOTHING

A German socialist visiting America expressed surprise at the resources of pleasure and entertainment which can be enjoyed in this country without charge. She could not square this open-handed giving to the public with her ideas of capitalistic, individualistic America. "In this you are more socialistic than we are," she said.

It will pay us to think that over. We take all this giving of good things by both public and private beneficence as a matter of course. Free parks, free playgrounds, free concerts, free lectures, free books, free picture galleries, free camping grounds, free schools, free museums, free universities. All of these are not literally free. Fees are charged in some cases, but never do they cover the cost of the thing provided. Always they represent a gift of a good part of the service. It is true also that the public pays for such things as parks and playgrounds directly or indirectly. But the individual who enjoys them is not charged for what he receives and the poorest of us may thus enjoy beauty and instruction and entertainment of the highest order.

If this is socialism, it is of a sort we can accept unhesitatingly. It does not interfere with the liberty of the individual but enlarges it. It does not strike at the right of the individual to his own labor and acquisitions. It does not discourage invention and initiative and enterprise.

It is social but not socialistic, the result of our collective intelligence and our social sense of the common good. Private parks for private profit would shut out many who most need parks, and in providing public parks we recognize our common interest in certain general conditions of the well being, physical and mental and moral, of us all.

The importance of this provision for supplying resources of health, pleasure, and knowledge to everyone, putting them within the reach of all, grows steadily with our economic and our social progress. America has now a new problem, the problem of providing for intelligent leisure for the masses of our people. In past generations men and women and even children worked very long hours and had little time or energy left over. But modern invention and modern enterprise and modern democratic progress have not only increased wealth but distributed it more widely, have reduced the hours of labor, and multiplied our means of enjoying life. The mechanic who once worked twelve and fourteen hours now goes home with hours of daylight left to spend. Farm labor is becoming easier with the aid of machinery. Social policy and organization have brought about a recognition of the rights and needs of all human beings to rest, relaxation, entertainment, and self improvement.

Thus we have the problem of providing for the public means of spending leisure to advantage. In past civilizations there were classes who lived on the labor of others and had leisure therefrom. In Rome the people of the cities were given free food and public shows of the arena, *panem et circenses,* bread and circuses. But this was for political reasons and this leisured mob was very different from our modern free citizenship which wins its right to leisure by contributing to the common wealth. In America virtually everyone is a worker, but happily science and organizing genius and democracy together are lightening and shortening the effort needed to produce wealth and distributing it more widely as to its benefits, so that leisure is coming to be a common possession and how to make good use of it a common problem.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

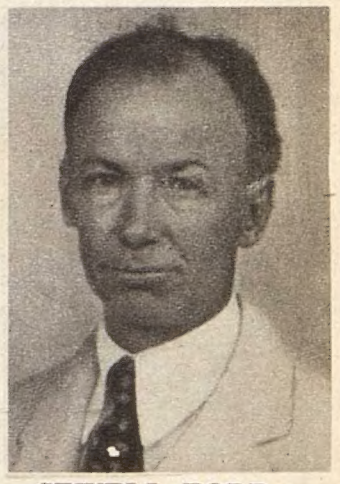
Enter Emil the Deuce!

ONE of the funniest, liveliest stories *Sewell Ford* ever wrote—about a girl who insisted on marrying the cook, and found herself amazingly involved in a matter of French nobility. You'll like it.

Frank Condon contributes four pages of chuckles to a famous controversy in *Kid Los Angeles vs. Battling Frisco.*

Rupert Hughes asks *What Do You Do When You Do Nothing?* and reveals the odd things some distinguished persons do.

David Belasco dips into an illustrious past to tell his own particular secrets of *Star Making.*



SEWELL FORD

Will Irwin writes penetratingly of what happens *When a Swelled Head Bursts,* and *Dean Inge* of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, gives his answer to the question, *Is the Nobility Decaying?*, which was discussed in a recent issue by W. L. George.

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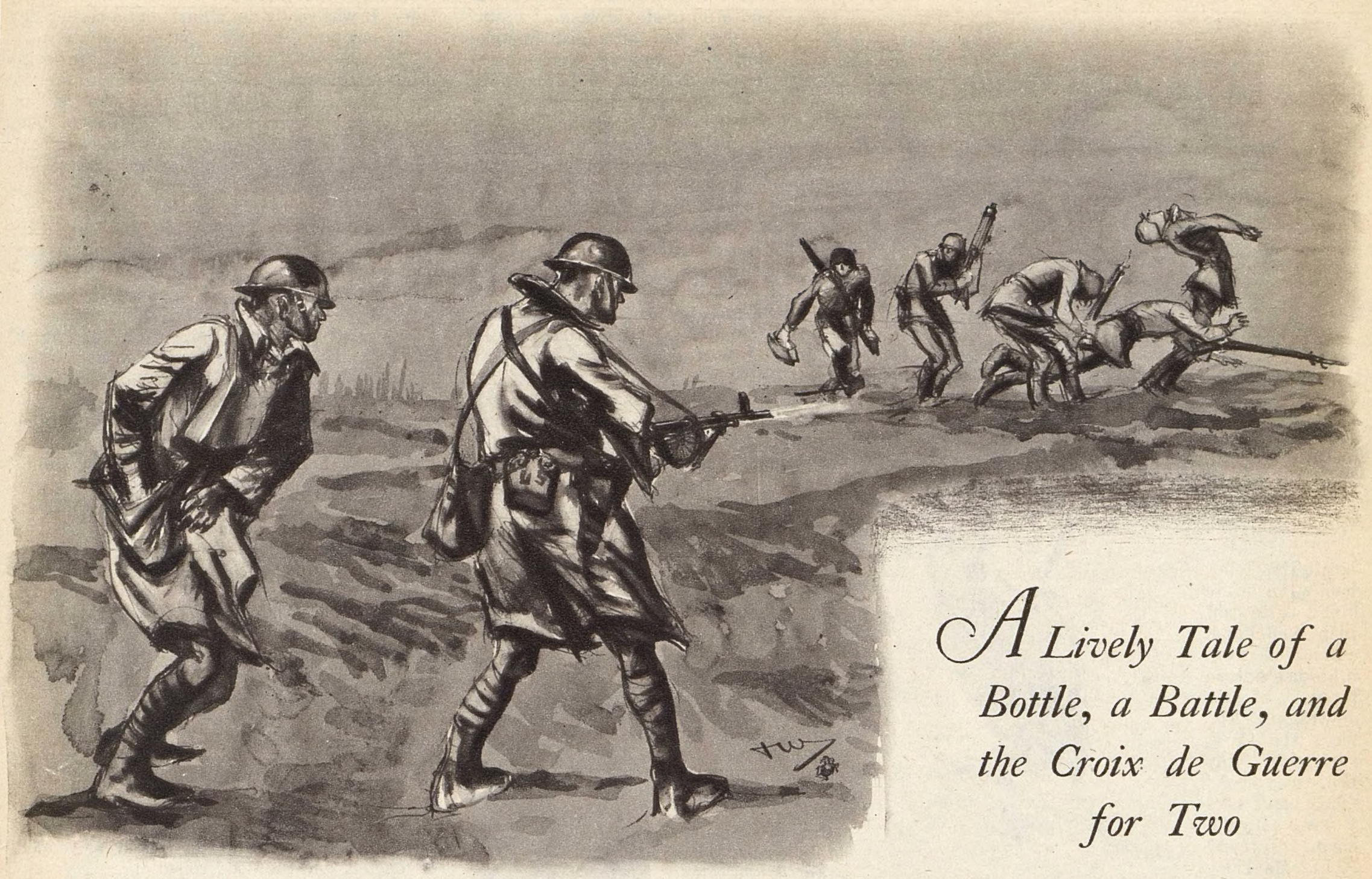

They landed in the very center of a group of Germans. "Letter go!" bellowed John. The group of Germans melted.

A Lively Tale of a Bottle, a Battle, and the Croix de Guerre for Two

The Reward *of* Valor

By LEONARD H. NASON

Pictures by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

IN THE twilight of a wet, cold day, two men were slopping their way along a road in France, a road that led to the front-line trenches. Both men were tall and slim, clad in the rags of the American infantrymen at the front. One was named John and the other Milo, and the two of them formed an auto-rifle or Chaucat team.

There was a clattering of horses' feet, and the two men made way for a group of horsemen, who drew rein at one of the houses—a former wineshop and hence possessed of a deep cellar—and dismounted.

"Who's your friends?" asked John.

"Oh, that's my old buddy, General Coushay!" responded Milo. "I know him by the fig leaves on his hat. Them frog generals won't wear a helmet 'cause you can't put no gold on it an' someone might take 'em for a captain or somethin'."

"Ain't it the truth?" agreed John. "Let's be glad we gotta post out where no one comes inspectin'."

A communication trench followed the road all the way from the town, but the two men disdained to use it. This road went right up to the trenches, where it ceased, but eight hundred yards away it went on again, though now it was in Germany. Between the two trench systems were rolling fields and little hillocks, the German line occupying high ground on one side and the American high ground on the other.

The condition of the terrain in between made it easy for patrols and raiding parties to approach the American line, which was slightly lower than the German. Hence, the Americans had some listening posts, light machine gun positions, and auto-riflemen scattered about in the neutral zone, about fifty yards in front of the wire. It was one of these posts that Milo and John occupied. They crept out of the wire, found a dry shell hole, and stayed in it until morning.

It was so black out there in No Man's Land that a man felt he could open his mouth and take a bite out of the night. There was a raw wind that hummed and moaned through the wire and that bit through the warmest clothing.

"This is my lucky day," said Milo. "Yuh mind I cut low card today an' had to go out in the rain to buy some wine? Well, that was the luckiest cut I ever cut. I ain't kiddin' yuh!"

A light went soaring from the German lines, but, though it gleamed brightly, its brilliance did little good. There was too much rain for good observation. Nevertheless, the two men stood motionless until the light went out.

"This is far enough," said John. "Here's a good hole." He extended his foot tentatively, and, hearing no splashing sound, stepped into the hole.

"Come on, Milo," he whispered. "It's dry. We can sit on the edge an' see all the sights in No Man's Land. Boy, this is a terrible night. Ef I wuz ter home, I wouldn't go out in a night like this for a prize hawg. Now, jest what did you mean by saying you wuz in luck when you had to go out an' buy the wine? Did you find some chow or suthin'?"

"John," said the other, "sit down an' be calm. When I was buyin' the wine I noticed a

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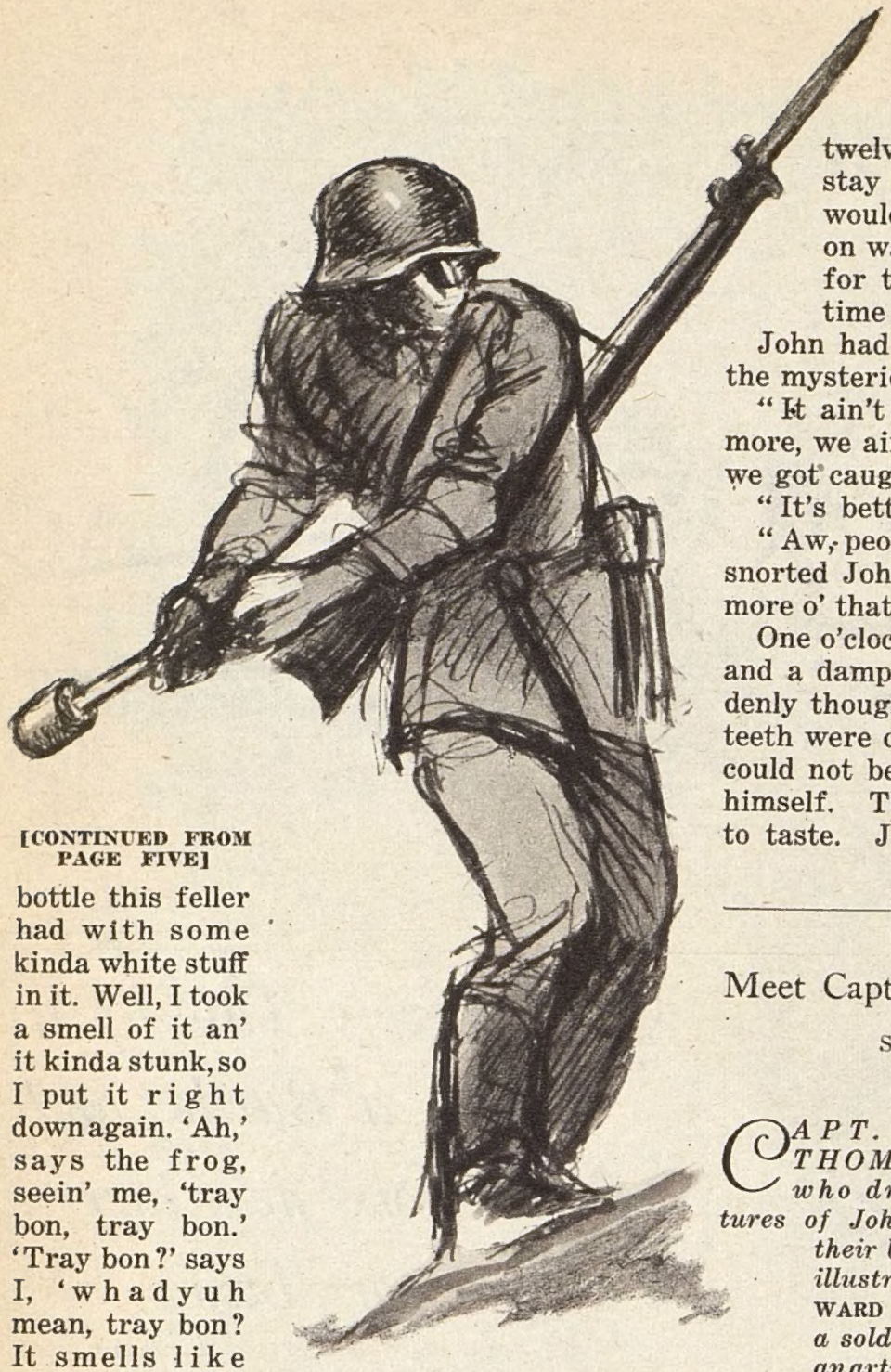

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bottle this feller had with some kinda white stuff in it. Well, I took a smell of it an' it kinda stunk, so I put it right down again. 'Ah,' says the frog, seein' me, 'tray bon, tray bon.' 'Tray bon?' says I, 'whadyuh mean, tray bon? It smells like sour milk.'

"Well, he gets out a cup right off an' give me a shot. As I said, it tasted bad and smelled worse, but after it was down a while, oh, boy! Just like a guy swallowed a Sibley stove.

"'Combeen?' I says. 'Tray chere,' says he, like they all do. Well, all I had was three francs the gang give me and three of my own, but after a while he gives me the bottle an' away we come."

"Give us a shot o' that likker an' let's see if it's any good," said John. "Where you keepin' it? Got it buried out here? I don't see no signs of a bottle nowhere."

SHO-SHO ammunition was assembled in semi-circular clips, and these were carried in a bag suspended from the shoulder, like the old army haversack. Milo hitched his ammunition carrier around to the front, and, untying the rawhide lacings, drew forth a bottle. John, after uncorking it, took a few preliminary sniffs and then a drink.

"I guess he saw you comin', Milo," said he. "There ain't ez much kick in that ez there is to hard cider."

"Give us it," said Milo. "You don't need to drink any of it."

The two sat in the shell hole for the next hour and a half. The night was rather noisy. The Americans fired machine guns every few minutes, and some of the American artillery was shelling, but the Germans showed no sign of life other than their periodical flares. The American guns pounded No Man's Land, and every time the wind waved a rotted wire post back and forth and rattled the wire the Americans would cut loose.

At nine o'clock John crouched in the shell hole and wrapped the blankets about him. It would be impossible for both him and Milo to stay awake all night, so they had arranged to take three-hour watches, from nine to twelve, twelve to three, and then both stay awake until daybreak, when they would be relieved. From three o'clock on was the dangerous part of the night, for the Germans invariably chose that time for offensive operations.

John had refused to take a second drink of the mysterious stuff in the bottle.

"It ain't no good," said he; "an', furthermore, we ain't supposed to drink on duty. Ef we got caught, we'd git hung."

"It's better'n freezin' to death," said Milo.

"Aw, people don't freeze ter death in April," snorted John. "Now, don't go an' drink any more o' that bellywash; you'll be sick."

One o'clock arrived, and the wind had ceased and a damp cold mist had arisen. John suddenly thought he heard men creeping, but his teeth were chattering so from the cold that he could not be sure. He took a drink to steady himself. The stuff was cold and unpleasant to taste. John felt sleep stealing upon him, and took another drink, a long one, so that the bitterness of the draft would awaken him.

Again he listened. Far off on the left quite a bombardment was in progress. Solitary flares went up from the enemy trenches. John's head sagged.

"Whoa, boy!" he cried, sitting up. "I mustn't go to sleep! Milo'd kid the life outta me. Let's sing." Accordingly he gave voice, very softly and huskily, however.

"Oh, there wuz a little hen an' she had a wooden leg,
No 'baccy could she steal an' no 'baccy could she beg,
She used the captain's helmet for a fire alarm,
An' another little drink won't do us any harm."

This led John absent-mindedly to take another draft from the bottle. As he removed it from his lips he saw a strange flare go up from the German lines, a flare that was different from those that had gone before. This one was blue. It was really not a flare, but a rocket, for it did not burn, but went out immediately.

"What's that?" muttered John. "I'm seein' things, I guess. Let's have a shot to steady our nerves." Again he tilted the bottle, but cast it from him in disgust. "There!" he cried. "Empty! I might hev knowed that that hawg of a Milo would go an' drink it all up the minute I wuz ter sleep. I'll give him a good bawlin' out in the mornin'."

He slid slowly down into the hole in a heap, nor did the fact that his face lay in the icy mud seem to bother him.

II.

DAY came with an imperceptible turning of the night's blackness to weatherworn gray. A barrage and counter-barrage on the right were in progress, increasing in intensity as the Americans foresaw the opening of an attack at daybreak.

About a hundred yards away from John's shell hole was another hole, occupied by a gun crew with a Hotchkiss machine gun. This crew was also asleep, save one man. This man was idly watching the bombardment and wishing he had a smoke, when a swift-rushing sound came to his ears. He straightened instantly. What the hell was that? Whispering, clicking, hurrying sounds, a sound as of a river running over stones, a soft shuffle, such as one hears outside a dance hall—FEET! *And coming his way!*

"Wake up!" he cried. "Up, gang! Here's the krauts!"

The men scrambled to their feet, to behold with startled eyes a gray wall emerging from the mist. The gun barked, jammed, barked again; stick grenades slapped into the mud by the shell hole; the gun crew was overwhelmed, bayoneted, and the flood rolled on.

The Americans, leaping from their blankets, found Germans at the head of the dugout stairs. The trenches were packed with the

Meet Captain Thomason of the Marines

SOLDIER, ARTIST, AUTHOR

C. Smith Gardner Photo

CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., who drew the pictures of John, Milo, and their buddies which illustrate THE REWARD OF VALOR, *is a soldier as well as an artist—or rather an artist as well as a soldier—and an author to boot. He has been a captain in the United States Marine Corps for a number of years, and it was when he was serving in France that Laurence Stallings, co-author of* WHAT PRICE GLORY, *discovered his artistic talent.*

The captain is a Texan. He is still in the service of Uncle Sam, at present aboard a battleship on a two-year cruise. And, though an artist and writer, John W. Thomason, Jr., is primarily "Captain of the Marines."

"She used the captain's helmet for a fire alarm,
An' another little drink won't do us any harm."

enemy. There was nothing to do but surrender, for the slightest resistance was met with immediate death.

The raiders plunged into the communication trenches looking for officers. The confusion was terrible, the fog lay heavily about, and many of the Yanks had no idea of what was happening until a German brandished a grenade in their faces or prodded them with his bayonet.

. . . . . .

In the shell hole in front of the trenches, John began to awake. This continued clamor had at last registered upon his brain and dragged him back to consciousness. He yawned, stretched, turned over once or twice, and, getting an earful of icy mud, woke to sudden realization.

"Hey, Milo! Hey! Hey! Git up! It's come daylight an' us out here! We'll git hung sure. Git up! Ef the boche don't see us goin' home, some officer will, an' our skins'll git nailed to the wall. Git up!"

Milo in his turn rubbed bloodshot eyes and looked dazedly about.

"I hope t'God no one went by an' seen us," said he. "It would be just like some o' these patrols to go by an' see a guy asleeep an' never wake him up, but just go turn him in. What the hell is all that racket?"

"There's a bombardment on. We better git the hell outta here."

"I'll say," agreed Milo. "You an' me both. *Listen!* Is that a boche I hear talkin'?"

The two men got to their feet and, walking a few steps toward their own lines, gave ear.

"It's a boche, sure'n hell," agreed John, "an' not one, but several uv 'em. They must be gittin' up 'fore breakfast, to be makin' all that noise!"

"You're drunk, John," said Milo. "You an' me are both drunk. We come sashayin' out here last night an' walked clear over to the German trenches, an' we better be gettin' back home. Gettin' up 'fore breakfast! Breakfast hell! They're gettin' bombarded, an' that's what all the klem is about."

"Let's go!" cried John. "It's gettin' later and lighter every minute. We'll have enough explainin' to do as it is."

They turned, and, John slinging his sho-sho, they picked their blankets up and went off in the opposite direction as fast as they could.

THE whole sector was aroused by now, and, in spite of the hampering fog, was beginning to lend assistance to the company that was sustaining the raid. Shells fell in No Man's Land, machine guns began to come to life everywhere.

"Man, this is a racket!" cried Milo. "Do you know what's going on? There's a raid, or a drive, or somethin'. Now what you doin'?"

"Raid, or drive, or what not, I see a boche," said John, "an' I'm goin' ter shoot off my fuseel at him." He unslung his sho-sho, braced it against his hip, and let drive. A dim figure in the fog went down in a heap.

"That was one o' our guys!" gasped Milo.

"No such a thing!" said John. "I seen his helmet. Let's git in outta here and tell the boys the boches are comin' to call on 'em."

He started to trot forward, but Milo seized his arm.

"Look!" he gasped. "There! Didn't I tell yuh he was one of our guys?"

John's startled eyes beheld a party of Americans emerging from the fog. There were eight or ten of them, and there was no mistaking their nationality.

"Naw, he wuz a boche," said John, stoutly. "I could smell him!"

"Well, then, he was a prisoner. They been raidin' the boche trenches!"

"Huh!" began John. Then he and Milo went elsewhere without another word. On the heels of the Americans had emerged a party of about fifty Germans. The raiders were beginning to return to their own lines.

"John," panted Milo, "don't run so fast. Where you goin'?"

"Away," said John, pausing, however. "Where yuh want to go?"

"You're still drunk," said Milo, seizing him by the arm. "I doped it all out. Them krauts come an' pulled off a raid while we was sleepin', an' now they're goin' back with their prisoners."

"No!" expostulated John. "Now, is that so!" A second or two of reflection showed him that this was highly probable. If the Americans had pulled off a raid, he and Milo would certainly have known of it. "Here," he said suddenly, "hold my blankets."

"Where you goin'?"

"I went an' got lit an' let them krauts through, an' I'm gonna rescue them guys."

"I'll go with yuh," said Milo, and the two dashed into the fog. At about the fourth jump they landed in the very center of a group of Germans.

"Letter go!" bellowed John, and his gun crackled like fat in a frying pan. The group of Germans melted, and a machine gun thudded to earth out of the center of them.

"Where are we at now?" said John. "Hi! There's some more!"

This time John opened fire upon a solid column of Germans. They were making their way homeward at a fast trot, carrying their wounded and dead in the center.

There was a momentary panic as the first of

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John's bullets thudded into their ranks, for they were not expecting fire from such a direction and so near their own lines. The panic was quickly quelled, however; grenades began to fly and pistols to crack.

An officer, perceiving John and Milo, ordered two or three squads to rush the two men with the bayonet and take them prisoner if possible. The Germans moved by the right flank, lowered their bayonets, and proceeded to rush John.

"Outta my way!" cried John, and a shower of mud showed the direction of his retreat.

THE two ran until they were breathless, then stopped and listened for the sound of feet. The retirement from the American trenches was general now, and No Man's Land was full of Germans. They could be heard everywhere.

"Here they come!" cried Milo, suddenly.

Germans seemed to spring from the ground, the two were surrounded, but John, swinging his sho-sho with all his might, waded into them, and Milo, catching up a rifle from one of the fallen Germans, came to his assistance with the bayonet.

"Yippee!" howled John, and he knocked a German's head into the center-field bleachers. One made a prod at him with a bayonet, which John parried and then shoved the muzzle of the sho-sho half way down the German's throat, teeth and all. A lusty cheer echoed John's howling.

"Here's a rescue, men!" called a voice, and then was heard the unmistakable sound of collision between knuckle and jawbone. Shots, sharp, quick barks like an angry dog's, a machine gun purring, the slam of a grenade.

John, waving his sho-sho, found himself suddenly surrounded by Americans, who were pawing about him in the mud for weapons. A second look showed him that these Americans were all officers. His major was there, Sam Browne belt and all, and there were some French officers. Whatever they were doing there, it was no place for him. He turned to flee. There would be too many explanations to make.

"Here!" cried an officer. "We want you; don't go!"

John was seized and detained. The officers began to retreat rapidly through the mist, bearing with them John, Milo, and two or three Germans.

John worked over beside Milo and, nudging him, silently called attention to the company. A major, two captains, the French general they had seen the night before, and two other French officers. There was tremendous howling from the fog, for the loss of the prisoners had become known and the Germans hunted them madly.

At this moment a flood of Americans poured out of the trenches. They were reserves who had hurried forward to eject the Germans; and, the group of officers being seen by the officers of the new arrivals, there were mutual explanations, whistles blew, and the Americans went back into their trenches.

"You two men stay with the staff," directed the major. "Keep an eye on 'em, captain, don't let 'em get away. I've got to have a look at things, but I'll be back in a minute. Excuse me, general."

The major hurried off to see how badly his trench system had suffered and the rest of the staff went back to the dugout where they had been waiting for dawn to make an inspection of the trenches.

There were a lot of officers there now, French and American, very apprehensive regarding the fate of the general. All began to talk at once and John gathered from the scraps of conversation that the French general was in command of the sector, the American troops being attached to his army group, that he had come up for an inspection, the front being perfectly quiet, and had been waiting in this dugout to see how promptly the Americans turned out at stand-to.

The enemy had made a demonstration in front of some trenches on the right, and then shoved over a traveling circus opposite the very point where the general was. They had wasted no time mopping up, but had come right down the communication trench to the dugout where the staff were, and gathered them in.

The American colonel, with *his* staff, had been on his way to the dugout to meet the general when the demonstration on the right began, and had accordingly hurried over to wherever one believed an attack was about to fall. He arrived at the dugout shortly after the erstwhile prisoners returned.

FEET! And coming his way!
"Wake up!" he cried.
"Up, gang! Here's the krauts!"

III.

JOHN and Milo stood sadly on the threshold listening to the animated conversation in the dugout. A bored captain stood beside them, but there was no chance of escape had he not been there, for the trench was jammed with officers, and now that the danger was over, there was a ten-yard-thick hedge of bayonets all around the dugout.

The major came bustling down the trench and brusquely ordered the two men to follow him into the dugout. There, at a table where sat the general, the colonel of the American regiment, and an interpreter, the major turned and faced Milo.

"Step up here, private," said the major. "What's your name?"

Milo told him. The major wrote it down and Milo visioned himself breaking rocks for the next ten years for sleeping on post. The major also wrote down John's name. Then he turned to the colonel.

"Colonel," he began, "these two men have just rescued the general and myself and some other officers from the enemy. We were half way across No Man's Land when they jumped our escort and created a diversion sufficient for us to make an effort on our own behalf. As a result we're here and not in Germany. I brought them in so that you and the general could hear the story from their own lips. Now, then, how was it?" The major turned to John.

"Sir," said John, "my orders wuz to hold the position at all costs. When the enemy appeared we seen we could make no stand against such numbers, so we retired, and harassed their rear, the fog helpin' to conceal us. Ahem!" He paused and coughed slightly, for he was not accustomed to extemporaneous speech.

"Well, how did you happen to run onto us?" asked the major.

"Well, sir, we fired an' fired, an' attacked every party uv the enemy we see, an' at last our amminition begun to run low, so I decides we'll save the last two clips, one fer Milo an' one fer me, so's not to be taken alive."

"Two *clips!*" cried the colonel. John gasped and lost his head at once. He was speechless.

"We needed two clips, sir," said Milo, coming to the rescue, "because we're kinda tough guys an' it would take a clip apiece to kill us."

The major and the colonel exchanged a look, and there was a moment's silence, save for the rapid whispering of the interpreter relaying the story to the general.

"But you didn't have any ammunition left

THE French general stepped forward, and, unpinning a Croix de Guerre from his own breast, he pinned it on John's blouse.

when you saw us, did you?"

"No, sir," said John. "We shot it all off at them jerries that wuz guardin' you, and then we waded in with what we had. That's all that happened, sir."

"That's the spirit of duty," said the major to the colonel. "Hold the post until all ammunition is expended and then sail in with the bare hands."

"That's what I calkilated to do, sir," said John, nobly.

"Very well done; very well done," said the colonel. "You men report to your company commander that I have made you both corporals. Tell him he's to be congratulated for having such men under his command."

The two men saluted and were about to go, but the French general rose and began a rapid exhortation in French. Then he stepped forward, and, unpinning a Croix de Guerre from his own breast, he pinned it on John's blouse. The interpreter, who had stepped out, returned with another that he must have secured from one of the officers outside, and this was pinned on Milo. All shook hands, and the two men departed for the town and breakfast.

"Corporal," said John, when they were out of earshot of the officers, "do you know anyone that hez got any francs he might give us a loan uv?"

"No, corporal, I don't. What do you want 'em for?"

"We got to wet our stripes," said John, "an' these here new medals with feathers onto 'em."

After breakfast they sought the first sergeant, he being the highest paid man in the company, and demanded if he could lend them a bit until pay day.

"I ain't got it, boys," said the top. "I'd lend it yuh if I had it, but I ain't got it."

The two went out to the street again.

"We're outta luck," said Milo. "We gotta wait."

"No, I ain't gonna wait," said John. "We'll git some more uv that sweetened water an' we'll operate."

The two were seen to stand for a time in earnest consultation and then depart hurriedly in the direction of the French bivouac.

LATE in the day the first sergeant, returning from a visit to battalion headquarters, heard song issuing from behind the shutters of one of the ruined houses.

"The hike don't make me mad, nor the battle make me sad,
It's eatin' of the chow that gets me riled.
For the damned hardtack a hammer couldn't crack,
An' the vegetables as like as not is spiled.

Oh, the old canned bean is the hardest ever seen,
An' the meat is always out from round the knee.
The little gold fishy may satisfy milishy,
But it ain't gonna never do for me."

The sergeant opened the door of the house and, seeing a wavering gleam of light in a corner, crossed the room. The house he remembered as the one where John and Milo were billeted, and as he looked down the hole in the corner he saw them. They sat over a small fire, and Milo had a candle affixed to his helmet. This moved with his head, and caused the wavering light that the sergeant had noticed. The sergeant went down the ladder.

"Hi, sergeant," said John.

"Hi, sergeant," said Milo. "We're celebratin'. Our friends is all off on detail, but we're celebratin' just the same."

"So I see," said the first sergeant, licking his lips.

"Yuh thirsty?" asked Milo.

"I'll say."

"Then yuh know how we felt when we was tryin' to borrow money off of yuh this morning."

Milo tilted the bottle himself.

"Give the sargint a drink, corporal," directed John. "We're noncommissioned officers; we gotta support the first sargint."

The first sergeant drank.

"Hmmm," said he, "this stuff don't seem to have much gimp to it."

"Let it set a minit," advised John, "an' you'll think you swallowed a hand grenade."

"Hmmm!" said the first sergeant again. "Well, I see someone give yuh a loan of a few francs."

"Nope," said Milo. "No one give us no loan, so we wen over to see how the chances were on gettin' some stuff jawbone."

"He give it to yuh?" asked the first sergeant with interest. It might be handy to know a place where one could get liquor on credit.

"He did like hell," said John. "He wuz meaner'n a singed cat an' twice ez nasty. He wouldn't give us nothin' but a hard look."

"An' so," interrupted Milo, "bein' thirsty an' what not, we give him our Croy dee Gerres."

"Yup," agreed John, "an' the ornery polecat wouldn't give us only half a bottle fer the two uv 'em."

THE END

"OVER *the* TOP"

By Robert Benchley

Picture by J. H. STRIEBEL

JUST as it began to look as if the campaign were going to flop a man dressed as Paul Revere rode down Main Street waving a check.

ONE of the most disastrous effects of the late war (you remember the late war, surely) was the success of the five Liberty Loan drives. These drives bred within our nation a race of four-minute speakers and drive experts which threatens to push most of the remaining population into the sea. At least one-fifth of the country's citizens are now spending their time trying to exhort money out of the other four-fifths.

Until the war and the Liberty Loan campaigns, whenever a hospital or boys' club needed money they made up a modest budget and went around quietly to the houses of wealthy citizens with a gentlemanly plea for assistance. They were very careful not to get the wealthy citizen up from the dinner table on their calls, because he might get cross and not subscribe. And at the close of the campaign they printed a little list of subscribers and headed it "Our Good Friends." In other words, they knew their place.

Then came the war (the same war we referred to above). The government needed money and the Treasury Department organized gigantic squads of publicity experts, public speakers, sob sisters, and organization men to whip the nation into line. It was probably the only time in the history of the country when all its publicity experts and newspaper reporters had jobs.

What happened was that thousands of perfectly terrible speakers got the idea that they were good, thousands of very bad executives got the idea that they could put the thing over with a bang, and just short of a million terrifically futile copy writers began to think of themselves as agitators of the public mind. They did not realize that what sold Liberty Bonds was the war and several thousand guys in France, and not Mr. Harrison M. Greeble, coming out in front of the curtain at the Bijou Dream Theater between reels and holding one chubby fist aloft calling on Heaven to witness that his Cause was Just.

Well, the war was over—or, at any rate, we thought it was over at the time. And what was left? Mr. Greeble was left, with a hunger for exhorting in front of a curtain. Mrs. Malvey was left, with a God-given gift of organization for money-raising purposes. Mr. Henry Rolls Turbin was left, large in the conviction that he could sway great masses of people with his editorial matter and an occasional appearance on a public rostrum.

And for properties, there remained several hundred gigantic thermometers, used for indicating the progress of the campaign, and several hundred monster dials, for the same exciting purpose. Then, of course, the customary amount of bunting and horns, and a few paper caps with mottoes in them for no purpose whatever.

What to do with these? What to do with Mr. Greeble and Mrs. Malvey and Mr. Turbin, and the monster thermometers? Throw them away?

But no! Here was too much talent, too much inspirational force, to allow it to die out with the coming of peace. Surely there must be some other things to raise money for! Surely our citizenry couldn't be allowed to save up a few pennies against that silly old rainy day we hear so much about. The people had got into the custom of contributing money. They couldn't be permitted to sink back into their old soft ways of putting it in the bank.

So, when it came time for the Mount McKenzie Bicycle Hospital to raise its yearly $25,000, the directors had a meeting and decided that, in view of the success of the Fifth Liberty Loan drive in Lindport, it was only fair that the Bicycle Hospital should come next. So they engaged a drive expert from out of town to come in and look the ground over.

THE drive expert came, accompanied by a corps of assistants, including copy writers, camera men, poster artists, and rubbers. They pitched a big tent on the Common and began making topographical maps. They surveyed the surrounding country, measured all the public buildings, looked in at the people's kitchen windows and had everybody vaccinated.

Then the expert submitted a report advising that, instead of trying to raise the customary $25,000, the hospital should go out for a $3,000,000 endowment, the campaign to embrace all of Weekover County. As the expert said, "If they will stand for $25,000, they will

A "Drive" Is On! The Goal? Millions. Where? Everywhere. It's the Great American Habit

stand for $3,000,000. It is simply a question of posters."

So the board of the Mount McKenzie Bicycle Hospital voted to go ahead with the proposition. With $3,000,000 they could build a new hospital, with modern, up-to-date repair shops for wornout bicycles, experimental laboratories for new bicycles, trade schools for bicycle dealers and a restroom for the woman employees, if they should ever decide to employ any women. What was left over from the $3,000,000 they could put in the bank for anything that might come up, picnics or anything at all.

FOR the purposes of the campaign the expert brought up a fresh detachment of shock troops from the rear. Each of these had assigned to him the organization of one particular household in the town, until every household was covered.

The organizer moved right into the house he was assigned to, and proceeded to pep things up. He appointed the father a four-minute speaker, the mother head of the Knitting and Bandage Corps, the young son in charge of poster display for the house, and the young daughter to act as usher at family mass meetings. Thus every house in town was organized within itself, and each given a certain quota to raise within itself to help swell the total.

Outside of each house was placed a big thermometer, and, as the amount increased day by day, the young daughter was allowed to go out and punch up the indicator, appropriate ceremonies accompanying this service.

Posters were drawn and stuck up over the town. One showed an old man wheeling a broken-down bicycle up a hill toward the sunset. It read: "Don't Let This Old Man Hurt Himself Because of Faulty Gearing." Another showed a young man looking sadly out at a window, with the legend: "Where Is *Your* Bicycle?" Then there were the customary slogans: "Get Behind and Push!" "Over the Top for Our Bicycles!" and "Hermanstown Takes Care of Its Bicycles. Don't Make Lindport a Piker City!"

The newspapers were flooded with copy from the publicity department of the drive, Sunday stories on "The Progress of the Bicycle Since 1876," "Did Cleopatra Own the First Bicycle?" and "An Old Bicycle Tells Its Story."

In the news columns there were accounts of the progress of the drive in the various households, which little girl was ahead in the contest to sell dolls' slippers, which little boy had won the day's bean shooting, and what the principal of the Wurdle High School said to the pupils about not kicking bicycles that they saw standing against curbings.

Then there were photographs of the committee in charge of the drive, the women's auxiliary committee, the "Junior Drivers" and the members of the Speakers' Bureau. During the progress of the drive the city of Paris, France, fell in and crushed two-thirds of its inhabitants, but the story was relegated to the second page under "Cable Dispatches" because the front page was devoted to the news of the next-to-last day of the drive.

On the day before the drive ended the excitement was intense. Only $2,350,000 had been raised. The thermometers were quivering with excitement and the schools were shut down at noon. Little groups of people stood on the street corners discussing the impending catastrophe. Would Lindport fail? A house to house canvass was made by the Boys' Brigade, dressed up as little bandits, armed with real guns loaded with real bullets, which they aimed at people and demanded just fifty more dollars. It was all in fun, of course, but several citizens who refused were shot down like dogs.

Then, just as it began to look as if the campaign were going to flop at $2,740,000, a man dressed as Paul Revere rode down Main Street waving a check for $260,000 from Senator Herman J. Mooter, which the committee had had up its sleeve all the time, waiting for a grand-stand finish.

So the $3,000,000 was raised for the Mount McKenzie Bicycle Hospital, and the citizens of Lindport could look everybody but their bankers in the face. And next month, stirred by the success of the Hospital Drive, the Lindport Girls' Outdoor Club began one for $5,000,000 to help fix up outdoors.

A GREAT many of these drives are legitimate enough, but the methods used in putting them over are easily adaptable for any purposes whatsoever. This playing on the community or club spirit to build a new wing to a gymnasium can be overdone. In colleges and schools is it particularly heinous.

Let us say that the Feeta Theta Psi decides that their old house hasn't got enough pool tables, so they set out to build a new house. Each graduate is appealed to in a manner which implies that if he doesn't come across he will go down in history as "Old Crosspatch." But the graduates can take care of themselves. Lots of them would just as soon go down in history as "Old Crosspatch" and save the five hundred dollars.

It is the undergraduates who are bulldozed into spending father's money by the threat that if they do not come up to scratch in their allotments there is grave danger that the free institutions of the United States of America will crumble before December, and that the work of Washington, Lincoln, and Rutherford B. Hayes will have gone for nothing. The poor kids, coerced to the point of hysteria by the drive committee, sign up for enough of the Old Man's money to put them through Graduate School.

Something is wrong somewhere.

But before we close, I want to say a few words in behalf of the fund which we at the Snow Shoe League are trying to raise to keep the snow here longer in the winter. We need only $10,000,000 and we have a promise from an anonymous snow shoer of $5,000,000 if we can raise the other $5,000,000 by the next snowfall.

Now, this is not a fly-by-night scheme and would really do a whole lot of good, and I hope that each and every one of you who read this will sit right down and make out a good, big check and send it to me.

LET'S GET TOGETHER ON THIS! LET'S GO!

THE END

Fannie Hurst

Writes About the Greatest American Philanthropic Institution— Popularly Known as "Dear Old Dad!"

Picture by
H. H. SUNDBLOM

The American

THIS writer, a lady one, has just completed a coast-to-coast lecture tour.

She has let fall the synthetic pearls of her wisdom from Boston to Boise.

One-night stand after one-night stand she has stared down into the composite face of America.

She has talked before the bobbed-heads, the bald-heads, the aching-heads, the swelled-heads, the level-heads, the young-heads, the hot-heads, the hard-heads, the dead-heads, and the family-heads of this, our vast commonwealth.

Surely, then, the writer, this lady-one, has come home with an impression? A major one. A new consciousness of this, her vast, her native land.

She has enthused, to the satisfaction of the most exacting Native Son, over sugar beet factories, Russian Hill, Belle Isle, the Rim Drive, shell roads, dry farming, sagebrush, Spanish architecture, Buginvillæa, climate, papershelled pecans. And public parks, public statues, public men, public health, -service, -schools, -baths, -gardens, -playgrounds, and -opinion.

And out of the welter of the great American scene of young Pacific cities, hand-shaking, towns in the laps of mountains, ladies-and-gentlemen-it-gives-me-great-pleasure-to-stand-here-before-you, painted deserts, Culture Club receptions, and Idaho potatoes there does loom a major impression. A very major impression.

The American Husband!

He is as Gargantuan in his solidity as the Rockies.

He should be reckoned in terms of geology rather than genealogy. He is the rock stratum of the social structure, much of him submerged. But begin to dig, or start out exploring your country from the vantage of its guest rooms, its Kiwanis Clubs, and its luncheon tables, and see how quickly you encounter him.

The plain, every-day American husband. The one who lies flat-on-his-back in the garage Sunday mornings. The one who forgets anniversaries. The one who gives in, but not gracefully. The one who detests the sham of his women folks. The one who wipes razor blades on hand-embroidered guest towels. The one who pampers his wife. The one who, bemoaning his undereducation, overeducates his children. The one who lives beyond his means.

He is more discussed and appreciated along the European Rivieras by continental dowagers' daughters without dowry than he is at home, where he is chiefly the subject of the comic strips of the furnace-and-lawn-mower variety.

One may live with him, next to him, surrounded by him, and even adored by him, without becoming acutely conscious of him.

A transcontinental tour does the trick. Lo,

Husband

By FANNIE HURST

along with the sunsets over Salt Lake and the funiculars at Kansas City and Oregon apples and the Grand Canyon, he dawns on you!

Magnificently. You have, of course, been surrounded by him all your life. Your sisters have had him. Your mother. Your chums, and even you, yourself. But so have you been surrounded all your life by germs and rivers and twilights and autumns and brunettes.

There never has been much to notice about the plain, every-day breed of him, except when one of him gets out of step and figures in the divorce courts and gets into statistics and alimony prison.

The great average run of this genus American husband, who does not beat his wife, or commit adultery, or bigamy, or hit his mother-in-law, or go to Tahiti to go native, or abscond with the family savings, or drink wine out of chorus girls' slippers, is as taken for granted as salt.

He belongs to the hundreds of thousands who don't revolt. Publicly, at least. He does not get into the newspapers, except in the aforementioned funny strips. Or into the divorce courts or into statistics.

"Papa love Mamma?" ask the comics.

Papa, who considers the question irrelevant,

HE is busy footing daughter's college bills, raising his son to be a Boy Scout, paying doctor, dentist, dressmaker, rent, and butcher.

has not the time to answer, anyway. He is too busy, hordes of him abroad over this our vast and native land, shaking down its furnaces, mowing its lawns, drying its Sunday night supper dishes, footing daughter's college bills, whitening at his temples, meeting his notes, taking out life insurance policies, raising his son to be a Boy Scout, playing his nine holes, rearing his family, paying doctor, dentist, psychoanalyst, dressmaker, rent, and butcher bills with a whimper.

This average fellow who does not get into the newspaper or statistics! He is the fellow who has not revolted (publicly), who indulges his wife, spoils his children, and, in the name of both, lives, nine-out-of-ten, beyond his means.

The lady-writer has met him in hordes.

ONE of him, typical of dozens of him, drove the family car to meet the 6 A. M. train, when the lady-writer arrived in his thriving Southwestern city to address the Woman's Tuesday Club. Of which wife is chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

This typical one of him drove down to the train that chilled, mole-gray dawn, his eyes gritty with fatigue, but his smile out in welcome.

It was Friday. Sale day at his establishment, The Emporium, on High Street, and dressing that morning had been somewhat of a performance because wife's and his bedroom was in the act of being converted into guest room and his shaving things had been shunted out of sight to make way for the hand-painted china dresser set and the crystal perfume atomizer.

There was a sixty-day note to be met that day, too. Somehow. Some way. That had not been devised, though, when the car met the 6 A. M. train.

And let me tell you that husband was about as much interested in lady-writers on lecture tour bent as in thimbles from Timbuctoo. His favorite author, Bud Fisher, says it with pictures.

But does husband meet that train with a smile? He does. And a pretty good one at that. And stands by while wife presents a four-dollar-and-a-half corsage, about which there has been some argument, and piles three suitcases, a portable typewriter, and two top-coats into the newly upholstered rear of the family sedan, and rushes about at the checking of trunks and dispatching three telegrams for the lady-writer, and, driving home, makes a twenty-minute detour, as per orders from wife, so lady-writer can glimpse Sherman Park.

Arrived home, he lugs out the three suitcases and the portable typewriter, lugs up a table from the storeroom for the aforementioned portable typewriter, has his breakfast eggs omelette instead of two-and-a-half min-

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utes, so that the platter can look large and fluffy, and arrives at The Emporium a little dyspeptic and one hour and forty minutes late on the most important day of the week and the note that is due hovering low.

And that is not all.

It is a day peppered with telephone calls. Sale day or no sale day: "Ed, that you? How long it took you to come to the telephone, dear. Listen. Have you any of that orchid tulle you sometimes use for window dressing? Yes? Well, take it out of the window and have Bill bring it to the Auditorium right away. The flowers behind the speaker's stand look too skimpy."

Again: "Ed, that you? Really, dear, you might be more considerate about keeping me waiting. Listen. Have you any of those crookedy-necked reading lamps down at the store? No? Seems to me I saw one. She needs it on the stand for her lecture. It seems she has notes. I hope to heavens she doesn't read her lecture. They'll blame me sure if she's a flop.

"Haven't you one, dear? Think, please. So much depends on it. Well, can't you borrow his? Oh, his old bookkeeping will keep. What's the good of keeping books anyhow that never show profit?

"Can't you have Bill bring it up to the Auditorium? Of course, if you're going to be disagreeable about it. It isn't often I ask—don't have speakers out here every day—makes me seem small before my Committee—little enough to ask in the way of co-operation.

"There's a dear! And get it right out, Ed. And don't forget you have to dress for dinner tonight, and don't forget, dear, and pop into our room by mistake. She's in there, you know.

"You'll find your things in Ted's room over the garage. I'm doubling up with Eda for tonight. Good-by, dear. Thanks for the lamp, and don't forget you promised to call by with the car for Mrs. Tucker tonight. She's introducing the speaker, you know."

And that is not all!

YOU are the kind of lecturer who has nervous hydrophobia and complete eclipsitis of dinner appetite before speechmaking, and from your window you observe that it is husband who hustles across the street to the drug store for the Vichy which is presently to be sent up to you daintily on a tray with a glass of milk.

It is husband whose face you perceive that night from the platform, propped on the points of his collar, a little perspiring, a little dozy, but, withal, a little cocked at attention. Because it is husband who, presently, as your lecture draws to a close, is to be beckoned by wifely fingers from the wings and bidden to make one dash for home before the crowd begins to arrive. To see that the sandwiches are properly piled. And the fruit punch properly chilled. And the candles properly lighted.

It is husband who passes those sandwiches, relights the candles, and keeps the punch iced. It is husband who endlessly helps on with the wraps and off with the wraps of arriving and departing guests.

It is husband who, after the last guest has departed, makes a midnight foray into the cellar to unearth a treasured bottle of sauterne.

It is husband who turns out the lower-floor lights.

It is husband who locks windows and doors.

It is husband who forces open the recalcitrant lock to your second suitcase.

It is husband who runs downstairs to get some ice.

It is husband who makes a memorandum to see about your Pullman reservation first thing in the morning.

It is husband's bookkeeper's reading lamp that was smashed in moving the reading stand to make way for the platform reception after the lecture.

It is husband who, before going to bed, fixes the rope of the window sash in your room so that it will remain open.

It is husband who is sent tiptoeing down the hall, some fifteen minutes after good nights have been said, to whisper softly through your door that the sun rises directly into your eyes unless you lower the shade.

Finally, as you are about to doze, it is husband you discern moving softly across the moonlit lawn, toward Ted's room over the garage, with what looks like a Turkish towel over one arm and a suit of pajamas over the other.

THE American husband! Not even the most sanguine one can deny his Babbittry. His feet are on the ground—for which, Brava! But, alas, too often his eyes, too. No, his Babbittry oozes from him. He consumes it in blue-plate Rotarian Club lunches, served to him the country over at ten minutes after one. He exudes it on his golf courses, across his directors' meetings, his counters, desks, and quartered oak made-in-Grand-Rapids dining room tables. He doles it to his children and creates them in his own Babbittrian image. He demands it in his entertainment, his reading, his politics, and his national heroes.

He is a seething Babbittrous mass.

He is not a rebel. He is not a pathfinder. He is not a scholar. He is not a dreamer.

He accepts what is chiefly because it has been.

He swallows the orator's platitude as if it were boiled eel and, because it goes down so easily, applauds for more.

He acclaims the inviolability of the Monroe Doctrine without being able to define it, refers to her as "the wife," calls porters "George," changes to straw hats on May 15, supports the local movement to drape the park statue of Venus de Milo, pays eleven-fifty to speculators the afternoon that Babe Ruth plays, buys first-row seats to the Ziegfeld Follies, and makes "the wife" wear a "dickey" in the little V of her shirtwaists.

He is a seething Babbittrous mass.

He says, "How's every little thing?" and "I'll tell the world." He slides tissue-wrapped toothpicks from dining car tables into his waistcoat pocket. He talks tariff and tells impolite stories in Pullman smoking rooms, and creates a scene at the breakfast table over the 1:15 A. M. return of his daughter from the Junior Prom.

He dozes at theater, snores at grand opera, and coughs during lectures by lady-writers. He stands off behind the cotton palms at dances and then sneaks up to the billiard room with a few of the "boys," mostly bald ones, and gets conservatively drunk. He refers to the Little Theater Group as "those nuts" and to the Algonquin crowd as "The All Gone Queers." He pronounces it Eye-talian. He says "she don't" instead of "she doesn't." (So does the lady-writer.) He declares that dinner togs make him feel like Mrs. Astor's Plush Horse. He slaps backs. He does not answer when you call his attention to a sunset, and the children get on his nerves frightfully because he cannot seem to remember that he was once young himself.

He is a seething Babbittrous mass.

He says: "These guys who go cavorting off to Europe every summer make me sick. They should stay at home and see their own country first."

He says: "America won the war!"

He says: "There is only one little old New York."

He is the answer to much of the restlessness among wives that is abroad over the land. The women in little towns in little homes, the women in big towns in little homes, the women in big homes in little towns, and the women in little towns in big homes who are pulling at the leash. Who are filled with an enormous unrest. An aching void. A sensation they cannot localize. A spiritual itch.

He is the answer to much of that.

The American husband.

And he is the answer to much of this! The stability! He is the bulwark upon which rests not only the stolidity of the American commonwealth but the solidity.

In his very passiveness lies strength. The enormous strength of something gigantic that, moving slowly, moves none the less surely.

The lady-writer has observed him first hand, the land over.

She has seen his deference to his women. A slow, abashed kind of deference.

She has seen his kind of affection for his children. A furtive kind. The president of a bank telephoned home one blustery afternoon at a house in an Ohio city where she was being entertained to know if Egbert, aged seven, had his extra heavy undies on!

She has seen his generosities. His living beyond his means that he may provide satisfaction to his wife and opportunity to his children.

She has seen him striving to project the ideals of his cult before the eyes of his children. Tireless in his striving for them and in his ambitions for them.

And his cult, however Babbittrian, is the cult of courage, and sacrifice, and honor.

LADY-WRITER has seen him bend his neck to the high-handed demands of his women. Demands from the reading-lamp-with-the-crookedy-neck to a nine-thousand-dollar sedan with pale blue enamel appointments. Seen him bend his neck to the astonishingly large percentage of American women who are filled with the unrest.

Unrest that is founded doubtless upon the limited vision of American husband with his eyes to the ground. An unrest, however, that has fundamentally to do with an infinite variety of sociological conditions that do not bear discussion here.

She has seen him in his devotion to his home, to his children, to his ideals.

She has seen him at golf and at prayer, at dinner and at conference.

He is indulgent. He is generous. He is kind. He is loyal.

He takes his sons-in-law into the business. He takes out his wife, whose waistline is lower at the back than in front, as if Ziegfeld had never created a newer type. He takes out life insurance.

He runs his life as he runs his flivver. Carefully within the speed limit.

He is a gentleman, if not a scholar. He has the cardinal virtues and few of the cardinal-red vices.

The lady-writer knows. She has met him first hand.

The lady-writer takes off her hat to him.

She takes out its feather and puts it in his cap.

The American Husband!

THE END

Money Ain't Everything

The Snappy Story of a Double Cross for the Love of a Phony Millionaire

By William Slavens McNutt

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"A fella come along—a nice lookin' fella, kinda young—an' he looked at me an' smiled. I didn't know what to do, so I smiled just a little bit."

YOU know, if somebody could just write it down, everything like it's happened to me in my life, it would make a book. A fat book, I bet.

Lots o' times I've looked at books in store windows an' said to myself: "If the fellas that wrote them books could just know all that's happened to me in my life, I bet they could o' wrote bigger ones than them an' done it quicker, too. All they'd have to do would just be to know about it just like it happened an' then write it down."

F'rinstance, like the time when I was soivin' as a saleslady in Merton an' Benjamin's on Fi'th Avenue an' Maggie Curry told me all about her bein' in a jam an' ast me would I help her out.

Just to look at Maggie you wouldn't think to yourself that she'd be in some kind o' trouble. She lived home with her folks up in the Bronx, but her old man was a plumber and didn't drink nothin' an' she didn't have no brothers, so all the money she made she could keep for herself. Her old man even done so good plumbin' Maggie didn't have to so much as pay part of her board or rent or nothin'.

You'd think a girl that life had give all them blessin's to an' was a natural blonde, an' pretty enough to been a movie actress if she'd had the chance, an' was respectable, too,—she had a gran' reputation—would o' been free from trouble, wouldn't you? It just goes to show!

I never dreamed she'd got trouble till one day we was out to lunch together an' I seen her eat. I didn't feel so good myself that day 'cause account of I'd been out with Eddie Castano the night before an' we had a fight.

Me an' Eddie Castano was goin' to get married some day—maybe—if everything come out all right an' nothin' happened. Eddie wasn't one of them wops that just come here, or can't dress like a gentleman or talk English very good or anything like that. You never seen anybody looked more like an American than Eddie.

He had a gran' job, too. He was chauffeur for an old fella that was rich an' sick an' mean, so Eddie didn't hardly ever have to do nothin' 'cause account o' this fella was so sick he couldn't ride much an' so mean he wouldn't never let none o' his folks or nobody use the car.

Course Eddie could use the car any time he liked almost 'cause account the fella didn't know nothin' about it when Eddie used it, an'

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MAGGIE gimme a kinda dirty look an' says to me in a whisper, "I should think you would be ashamed to yourself the way you act!"

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if he called up the garage Eddie had friends there would say the car was havin' somep'n done to it. So it was almost like Eddie had a car of his own an' got paid good for havin' fun in it.

I would o' liked him—kind o'—even if he hadn't had no car, I think. Maybe not. I dunno. Anyhow he was fightin' in the lightweight amateurs at the Garden an' we talked it over how if he done good, an' turned professional, an' done good at that, too, an' got to be champion, an' didn't get his face marked up too much so he'd be ugly an' I couldn't stand the sight of him, why, we'd get married an' maybe be happy together.

ANYHOW, me an' Eddie went ridin' this night we had the row an' he wanted to dance. He'd won a lot o' money shootin' craps at the garage that day, so he wanted we should go to a place where it cost a lot o' money, but I wouldn't go there, 'cause account I don't think them places is respectable, an' I wasn't dressed good enough. So we went to a place where we usually went when he hadn't won no money an' danced there.

It was a respectable place that didn't serve nothin' but soft drinks an' had fellas—kinda cops like—walkin' around all the time an' if a couple didn't do right while they was dancin', or got kissin' too hard while they was sittin' at one o' the tables, or anything like that, why these fellas would bawl them out.

So Eddie an' me was sittin' at one o' the tables havin' a chocolate soda, an' he was a little sore 'cause account I wouldn't go to the other place with him that cost more, an' he wanted I should kiss him. I wouldn't o' done it at all only 'cause on account he was a little sore an' I thought maybe if I give him a kind of a quick kiss when none o' them cop fellas was right near he'd feel better. So I watched till I seen none of 'em was lookin', and then I did.

Ooh! You gotta watch these wops. Even if they look like Americans like Eddie did, you gotta watch 'em just the same! He grabbed me around the neck an' kissed me an' kissed me an' kissed me, an' I couldn't get away or nothin'! He kept on kissin' me till one o' them cop fellas come an' made him stop, an' then when Eddie got fresh with him he chased us out o' the place, an' that's how it happened we had a row.

I ain't like some girls I know that gets mad no matter why they get chased out of a place with a fella, even if it's only 'cause account of a fight, but I don't like to get chased account o' kissin' a fellow when I didn't want to anyhow, an' only done it to make him feel better, an' then got held so's I couldn't get loose! That ain't nice.

So we had a row, an' after I got home I felt bad an' I couldn't get to sleep. It was gettin' to be hot weather, an' I didn't know nobody besides Eddie that had a nice car you could ride around in an' get cool most any night, an' here I'd gone an' had a row with him! I got luck just like that lot o' times! It couldn't happen when it was beginnin' to get winter an' nobody cares whether they know a fella that's got a car or not. No! It had to be summer, with the hot weather comin' on!

So I didn't sleep much, an' the next day I didn't feel so good an' I went to lunch with

Maggie. 'Cause account I didn't feel so good I didn't have only a chocolate soda, an' a banana split, an' a piece o' cake, an' I could hardly eat even that. While I was tryin' to get it down so's I'd have my strength to get through the day, I seen what Maggie was eatin', an' it was only a lettuce sandwich an' a cup o' tea.

It was funny! I guess maybe it was 'cause account I was havin' trouble o' my own that I could see so plain into the heart of another, but right away when I seen that lettuce sandwich an' little cup o' tea I knew that Maggie had suffering.

"Maggie," I says to her, talkin' real serious, "I'm nearly a year older'n you, an' I know the world," I says. "You got trouble. Tell me all an' I'll help you."

She fell for it right away. It was my voice done it. I could always make my voice sound kind ever since I was a little kid up in the Bronx, an' there was a stock company there with a woman in it that could make her voice

sound so kind it made everybody cry, an' I practiced doin' it like she done. I used that kind of a voice when I talked to Maggie, an' right away she begun to cry.

"I got troubles," she owned up.

She was awful sad to look at when she said it! The tears was comin' out o' her eyes an' her nose was gettin' red—she had one o' them noses that gets red quick even if she only cried just a little bit—an' she was snifflin' so she couldn't eat even the teeny little bit o' sandwich she had left. I thought maybe it was worse even than I thought.

"Oh, Maggie!" I says to her. "You ain't had anything happen to you, have you?"

"No," she says, shakin' her head an' snifflin' an' wipin' the crumbs off her mouth. "I'm a good girl, but I dunno what to do."

"Powder your nose, dearie," I told her.

You wouldn't believe how red an' shiny it had got with just that little bit o' cryin'! So she powdered her nose like I told her, an' then she told me about it.

"I think he's a millionaire, but I ain't sure," she says to me. "That's what makes me feel trouble all the time. If he *is* a millionaire I ought to marry him quick while I got the chance, but if he ain't—— Oh, I don't know what to do!" she says.

"Well," I says to her, "millionaires ain't people that nobody ever heard of," I says. "Lotsa people knows anybody that's a millionaire. You could ask somebody that knows an' find out."

"I WOULD if I could, but I can't," she says. "I don't know for sure who this fella I think maybe he's a millionaire is, an' I'm scared to ask much for fear he'll find out I been lookin' him up an' ditch me. He might think I was thinkin' about his money—if he's got any—and he wants we should get married for love. I want to get married for love, too, but if he ain't got money I think maybe I could wait awhile an' maybe get somebody I could love easier than him. I dunno what I should do!"

"Well," I says to Maggie, "where does this fella live an' what's his name? Maybe I could find out is he a millionaire or no an' leave you know, an' then if he is you could marry him for love and he would never know the difference, an' if he ain't, why, then you could tell him that you love another or somep'n like that, an' give him the gate."

"That's the trouble," she says, beginnin' to sniffle again. "I dunno for sure what is his name or where does he live. How I met him happened like this. I was out to Long Beach with a fella that got too fresh, an' I says to him, 'You made a mistake,' I says, 'if you think I'm that kind of a girl!' I says. 'You can just behave yourself now,' I says to him, 'or go on along about your business an' leave me be, or I will call a cop,' I says.

"He got mad then an' went along about his business like I told him an' left me be, only I didn't have no money with me. I didn't know what to do then, so I sat there on the beach an' a fella come along—a nice lookin' fella, kinda young—an' he looked at me an' kinda nodded an' smiled.

"I didn't know what to do, so I smiled just a little bit, but not at him, so's he wouldn't be

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

sure if he should stop an' speak to me or if maybe I just happened to think of somep'n funny when he come along.

"So he didn't know for sure which it was, an' he went on a little piece an' come back again an' I sat there wonderin' what should I do. I never picked a fella up like that except when I was out with some other girl, an' then only just for a little while for fun, to take just a little walk an' kid with 'em an' see what they'll say.

"I always said that a girl who would go out alone an' pick a fella up, there was somep'n the matter with her, an' I never done such a thing, only I never was down to Long Beach broke before an' nobody with me.

"So when this fella come back I smiled again—only more this time—an' he sat down by me an' he says, 'It's nice out here, ain't it?'

"SO I says, 'Yes, I always did like Long Beach.' An' we got talkin', an' after a while he began tryin' to get fresh a little bit an' I told him I was a lady an' didn't have no car fare or nothin' 'cause account the way I'd been particular with the fella I came down with an' wouldn't let him get away with nothin' much, an' I says to him, I says, 'I thought you was a gentleman!' I says, 'or I wouldn't of let you speak to me, an' I think you should be ashamed to yourself to try an' get fresh with a girl when she's got trouble like me.'

"The way he done then was what first made me think maybe he was a millionaire or somep'n. He stood right up an' bowed. He done it so grand that first off I thought he was kiddin' me, but then he says, 'I'm a beast!' he says, 'to try and take advantage of you like this. If you'll permit me,' he says—he cert'ny could talk grand—'I'll drive you into town in my car. An' I assure you,' he says, 'you will not be molested on the way. Will you trust me?' he says.

"I trusted him, an' he brought me home in a limousine automobile that must of cost five or ten thousand dollars if it cost a cent, an' he was such a gentleman with me he didn't even so much as try to kiss me good night or anything when I got out. I dunno if millionaires ever do like that or not. Do they?"

"Well," I says to her, "I dunno for sure myself. They might. People that's got money is funny sometimes."

"I ast him what was his name," Maggie says, "but he says to me, 'Just call me John,' he says. 'There's so many people seeks me out,' he says, 'for my wealth an' my name that it'll be nice to have somebody like you that don't know nothin' about me, to maybe learn to like me for myself alone.'

"I ast him what was his telephone number, but he said never mind, he'd call me up; an' he did. He's been takin' me out now lotsa times, and he wants we should get married. I dunno should I or not."

"Have you got love for him, Maggie?" I ast her.

"I dunno if I have or no," she says. "If he's a millionaire, like I think pretty sure he is, I would be a sucker if I don't marry with him just 'cause account I ain't sure I got love for him. 'Cause maybe I have an' don't know it yet an' would find it out later. But if he ain't got money, then I am pretty sure I could love somebody else easier. I dunno what to do!"

"Listen," I says to her. "Has he got a friend?"

"I dunno," she says. "I guess so. Why?"

"The next time you see him you ast him has he got a friend," I told her. "An' if he has, then you tell him you gotta friend, an' why shouldn't we all go out an' have a little party? Then when we go out I would look close on this fella you got, how he eats an' talks an' everything—'cause account I've seen fellas close to what was millionaires an' know how they do—an' if he's one I would know it an' tell you."

"Could you tell for sure just by lookin'?" Maggie ast me.

"Ain't I been tellin' you I seen 'em close to?" I says to her. "Why, once," I says, "I went dancin' with a fella to the Orchid Palace an' he got pinched for hittin' a fella at just the next table that winked at me, an' it come out that the fella that winked was a millionaire. He knew the judge an' everything, an' the fella that was with me got sixty days just for hittin' him. I been even that close," I told her.

"You should know," Maggie says when I told her this. "I'll ast him has he got a friend."

II.

EDDIE CASTANO called me up that night an' wanted we should make up an' be friends an' go some place an' dance. But I says to him that the way he insulted me it was too quick for a girl that thought anything of herself to forgive, an' he should call up again maybe after about a week an' see did I feel different then.

I would o' made up with Eddie, only I'd got thinkin' on this fella that maybe he was a millionaire that Maggie told me about. The way I felt about it was that maybe if I met the fella an' liked him—kinda—an' he was a millionaire, maybe he'd like me, too, an' then you couldn't tell what might happen—an' if anything did I wouldn't want that Eddie should be hangin' around.

The way I felt about it, too, was that if he was a millionaire an' we got along good, it would be the best thing for Maggie, 'cause account I can tell she don't love him very good, an' a nice girl like Maggie shouldn't ought to go an' marry with a fella just 'cause account he's got money. Money ain't everything.

By an' by after a couple of days it was Saturday an' I went to work an' Maggie says to me the fella called her up again an' he had a friend an' we should meet 'em at one o'clock at the corner of Fi'th Avenue and Fortieth Street, 'cause account we got Sat'day afternoons off an' we'd go ridin' in this fella's swell car.

"You look at him good," Maggie says, "an' see everything how he does so you can be sure is he a millionaire or no."

"Listen," I says to her. "Maybe I could tell for sure better if I was to be with him an' you should be with his friend that's comin' for me."

SHE gimme a kind of a funny look.

"It don't make no difference," I says. "I just thought maybe if it was that way I could tell for sure easier."

She gimme another look, only not so funny as the first time. Still it was kinda funny! I dunno what makes women like that! Always the first thing they think is some other woman's going to do 'em mean.

"Maybe he would think it funny if we done it that way," she says. "He might get sore."

"Well," I says, "you can do how you like. I don't care. I'm only losin' my Sat'day off givin' you help, an' if you don't want I should do it the best I can——"

"Oh," she says, "I want you should do your best, Rosie. I'll see can I fix it like you said."

When we was off work we went to where the fellas said we should wait for 'em an' pretty soon Maggie says, "Oh, there they are," she says.

An' I looked an' there they were.

I tell you the truth, I couldn't believe it what I seen! This automobile that was comin' along with the fellas in it—well, if you had o' seen it you would say yourself it was a shame to take anything so nice like that out onto the street where there would dirt get on it. It was bigger yet even than the automobile Eddie Castano was driver for, an' didn't it have things on it! You should see! Shiny kinda things that looked like they would be silver an' maybe they was! I dunno!

An' the fella that was drivin' it. Ooh! Was he a pretty fella? You could think up a fella in your mind that would be the best kind of a fella you could think up an' he would be just like this fella. Right away when I first seen him I was sure he was a millionaire like Maggie thought maybe he was, an' I thought to myself she was dumb that she don't know it just to look at him. The other fella that was

his friend he brought along, he was all right, too, but he was not like this fella.

The fella that was drivin' stopped the automobile along by us an' Maggie told him my name an' said to me this was John. He told us the name of the other fella—I forgot what it was—an' we got in. I was quick an' got in first before Maggie did an' set down in front by the fella that was John. While I was doin' it I laughed all the time an' talked an' everything, like I didn't notice what I was doin', if anybody said anything, an' just got in front by mistake 'cause account I was laughin' an' talkin' an' all.

The fella that was John gimme a kinda funny look, but he didn't say I should get in back with the other fella or anything like that, so he begun drivin' an' there I was sittin' with him just like I thought maybe it would happen when I come.

The fella that was behind with Maggie says to John, "They switched the deck on us, didn't they?"

John looked at me' an laughed an' he says, "Play the hand you got," he says. "I hope you have better luck than I had."

I couldn't make no sense from that, so I didn't pay no attention, but just laughed an' talked all the time an' said jokes an' we kept on goin' along past a lot o' places an' some country with farms in it an' then we come to a place that was in Connecticut an' danced.

All the time while we was goin' up there an' I was laughin' an' talkin' I was thinkin' to myself, wouldn't it be grand if me an' John was to get along good together and something would happen an' I would get to be the bride to a millionaire like him. Lotsa times, all my life, I would think to myself wouldn't it be grand if somep'n like that should happen to me, only before this time I didn't never think maybe it really would happen. Always I would think only that it would be nice if it did.

NOTHIN' happened while we was ridin', but after we got dancin' an' John had a few drinks we was dancin' an' he held me kinda tight an' he says:

"You ain't a bad kid."

Honest, for a minute I thought maybe I was maybe goin' to faint, 'cause account I felt like it was beginnin' to happen just like I thought maybe it would.

I didn't say nothin' back to him an' we danced awhile an' then he looked at me close an' he says, "Some eyes, Baby. Some eyes!"

I was glad then what he said about my eyes, 'cause account I got pretty eyes an' if a fella says something about my eyes I think maybe he ain't just kiddin'. My skin ain't so good, maybe, but my eyes is just as good as anybody's, so I was glad what he said about 'em, an' when we got back to the table he gimme a kinda quick kiss.

Maggie gimme a kinda dirty look when she seen what he done an' when she got a chance she says to me in a whisper, "I should think you would be ashamed to yourself the way you act!"

"Listen," I says back to her in another whisper, "I couldn't help it if we get along good, could I?"

"I thought you was my friend," she says, an' was mad right away.

I could tell she was mad 'cause account o' the way she looked at me, an' 'cause account o' the way, too, she began to be nice a little bit to the other fella. Funny I can't remember his name. It was Mitchell or Johnson or somep'n like that. I forget.

Anyhow, we stayed an' et dinner where we was there in Connecticut, an' danced some more an' the fellas had some more drinks, an' then we started to come home.

The John fella that was with me—I was pretty sure by that time he was a millionaire all right—drove pretty fast comin' back, an' sometimes he kissed me a little while he was drivin'. I was pretty scared the way he drove, but I was pretty glad, too, 'cause account we was gettin' along pretty good, an' I thought maybe in the end it would come out just like maybe I had thought it would when I first thought about it.

We got back near to Bronx Park an' the John fella stopped the car in a place by some trees by the road, an' he began to get fresh a little bit. I told him he should stop, an' I was a lady, an' didn't know him so good, an' all like that, only I didn't tell him very hard 'cause account I didn't want he should get sore on me, an' I ain't so sure how them fellas that's millionaires is, whether they get sore easy or no. Course, he didn't get much fresh or I would o' told him hard anyhow, but he was only just a little fresh, so I told him he should stop easy, in a kinda kind voice.

The fella that was in back with Maggie, I guess he must o' got fresher than the fella with me done, an' maybe Maggie didn't like him so good anyhow, 'cause she got mad and told him hard he should stop. Then he got mad, too, an' called her bad names, an' then I guess he must o' got real fresh, 'cause she yelled.

There was a car comin' when she yelled, an' it stopped quick right by us. The driver jumped down from his place an' come towards us an' he says, "Hey! What's comin' off here?"

When he said that I felt dizzy, 'cause account I could tell by his voice it was Eddie Castano.

He had a flashlight an' he turned it on so's he could see us, an' he says to me, "Well! What a fine oil can you turned out to be! Was that you yellin', Rosie?"

Maggie jumped out o' the car an' stood by Eddie an' she says, "No, that was not her yellin'. It was me. An' I won't go in that car no more, even if I got to walk back home, I won't!"

Then Eddie says to me, "Who're these bimbos you're with?"

I couldn't say nothin' back on account I was so scared, the way everything was comin' out so bad, just when me an' this John fella was gettin' along so good an' all.

The John fella wasn't scared though. He jumped out o' the car an' he says to Eddie, "I'll teach you to butt in!"

So they started to fight. I guess the John fella didn't know about how Eddie was fightin' in the amateurs an' was a pretty good fighter, 'cause account right away almost he began to yell to the other fella to come an' help.

So the other fella went an' fought, too. They all fought for a while, an' it was so dark you couldn't tell who was winnin' or anything, an' Maggie yelled all the time, an' a motorcycle cop come along an' pinched us an' we all had to go to the police station.

When we got to the station, where it was light, you could see that Eddie had been winnin' the fight cause account the other two fella's faces was so's you could hardly look at 'em an' Eddie didn't have only one eye that was a little bit blue.

They ast us all kinda questions an' me an' Maggie was scared an' cried. Then it come out that the John fella, that Maggie had thought maybe was a millionaire, was a chauffeur for a fella that was really a millionaire, an' the really millionaire was lookin' for him 'cause on account the John fella had took the car when he shouldn't ought to, an' him an' the other fella, that was his friend he brung along, had been bootleggin' with it.

SO then they locked them two fellas up an' let the rest of us go, an' Eddie drove us home. He gimme an awful bawlin' out 'cause account he said Maggie was such a nice girl, an' younger than me, an' he said I ought to be ashamed to myself to get her mixed up like I done. I didn't say nothin' back to him 'cause account the way things come out I did feel ashamed to myself—kinda.

He took me to my home first an' then Maggie to her home after, an' my old man woke up an' gimme a bawlin' out 'cause account I got home so late. I got into bed an' cried.

When I seen Maggie at the store Monday she wouldn't speak with me, so that night I didn't have nothin' to do an' I called up Eddie Castano an' told him I wasn't mad no more an' ast him should I meet him some place an' he says no an' hung up on me.

So then the next day Bertha Greenburg says to me she seen Eddie an' Maggie together in a place the night before havin' a grand time an' after she told me I had a headache all day.

It was about a month after that Maggie an' Eddie got married an' I think they should ought to sent me an invite to the weddin' 'cause account they would not have met if it hadn't of been for me. I shouldn't of gone if they had give me an invite, but they should ought to have, anyhow.

I don't feel bad 'cause they got married anyhow, 'cause account I got a fella now that delivers for his old man's laundry an' he can use the truck he delivers in any night he likes. We got lotsa fun in it goin' places, an' I ain't mad about Eddie an' Maggie 'cause account I like this laundry fella so good I'm glad I didn't marry no millionaire. 'Cause if I did had of I couldn't marry this laundry fella like I'm goin' to. He don't make much, but the way I feel about it is—money ain't everything.

THE END

What Do You Do When You Do Nothing?

Henry Waxman Photo

RUPERT HUGHES

DO YOU twiddle your fingers, make faces, snort, whistle, hum, or inscribe meaningless marks on whatever happens to be nearest?

Do you come to yourself suddenly sometimes and realize that you have been acting like a first-class idiot?

Do you know what the Prince of Wales and Charlie Chaplin and Jack Dempsey do when their minds are on nothing in particular?

RUPERT HUGHES, *novelist and student of human nature, has written an amusing article on these odd habits of us queer mortals. He proposes an eleventh commandment,* THOU SHALT NOT FIDGET! *and calls upon you, gentle reader, to come out into the open and confess: What do* YOU *do when you do nothing? Watch for what he has to say*

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

5 questions Can You Answer Them?

These are the five questions which business men most frequently ask about the Alexander Hamilton Institute:

1. What does the Institute do?

The Institute brings to you the underlying principles of modern business, as applied by successful, practical executives. The Texts and Lectures (prepared exclusively for the Institute, and kept constantly up to date) are by eminent authorities. The Problems and Reports are drawn from actual business experience, and represent an adaptation of the "case system" to the training for business.

2. Who directs the Institute?

The Institute was founded in 1909 by Joseph French Johnson, LL.D., Dean of the School of Commerce and Finance, New York University. These are the members of the Advisory Council:

General T. Coleman duPont, the eminent business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean, College of Engineering, Cornell University; John Hays Hammond, the eminent consulting engineer; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; Jeremiah W. Jenks, economist and Research Professor of Government and Public Administration, New York University.

3. What sort of men enrol for the Course?

Sixty per cent are officials in businesses, large and small. One out of every three is a university graduate.

4. Can anyone enrol?

No. The Course is intended for two types of men: executives, and those who are going to be executives. A man must be at least 21 years of age before he can enrol. (The average age of Institute subscribers is 34.)

5. What can the Institute do for me?

The answer to this question is contained in a little book called "Forging Ahead in Business." It describes the Course and Service in detail; it tells how 250,000 men have used it as an aid to swifter progress, and shows how the Institute fits into the picture of **your** business life. The book is for distribution to thoughtful men. The coupon will bring it.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
332 Astor Place, New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

Name.....
Print here
Business
Address.....

.....

Business
Position.....

Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this page

THIS PAGE is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

Nor is it addressed to presidents and business heads—tho 32,000 are on the rolls of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, and tho the Institute welcomes inquiries from such men.

Nor is this particular page addressed to vice-presidents, secretaries and treasurers, tho 31,000 such officials are enrolled in the Institute.

Should you be earning more?

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary *to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.* We would like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business" and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He sent for "Forging Ahead in Business"

Without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of merchandising, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

He was given his chance

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently, on an important financial problem, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his argument on principles which the Institute had taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company $60,000.

The self-confidence that the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation; and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

Thousands could double their incomes

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could *double their incomes* in one year if they *believed* in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to *back up their belief.*

To such men the Institute offers "Forging Ahead in Business"—a book with power in every page, and which also describes clearly and interestingly what the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do for you. Thousands of successful men regard it as one of the most valuable little books they ever sent for. May we send it to you? The coupon at the left is for your convenience.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

Canadian Address, C. P. R. Building, Toronto — *Australian Address, 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney*

In the Kingdom of Yewkant

The Amazing Story of an American State of Mind

THE operations of the Wright law are not mere potentialities. It was born to bite, and it does. Terrorism is its child, and only a few stand up against the precious little thug.

THE Kingdom of Yewkant is bounded on the north by the Lake and State of Michigan, on the east and south by the State and river Ohio, and on the west by the State of Illinois.

The population of the kingdom is above three millions and it is flourishing. Its capital is Kantopolis.

And if you demand more definite defining, the kingdom of Yewkant is—or was—the State of Indiana.

As a kingdom, Yewkant is, indeed, not so much a political entity as it is a state of mind—an extraordinarily curious and quaint state of mind, neatly epitomized in this placard, the like of which you will find posted on eligible trees, garages, houses of worship, and other places of general resort, and printed in newspapers at the usual advertising rate:

REWARD!

The undersigned will pay a reward of fifty dollars ($50.00) for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any person for the sale, purchase, or possession of intoxicating liquor, or running a place where gambling is permitted in the town of ———, ——— County, Indiana, or at any place within five miles thereof.

OFFICIAL BOARD OF U. B. CHURCH.
OFFICIAL BOARD OF M. E. CHURCH.
OFFICIAL BOARD OF CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

An Article by

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

Cartoon by CAREY ORR

He who runs may read. Mostly they run; run home to pour it out—or in—as circumstances may permit.

The new monarch of Yewkant is King Konstabule and his scepter is the Wright law, operant now these two months.

The Wright law, which catches you coming and going, was fathered by a well-meaning rustic Legislator who declared his purpose to be to "put teeth in the old law," . . . "for the protection of the economic welfare, health, peace, and morals of the people of the State."

Of six States of the Union that never have had official State mottoes Indiana is one. For one hundred and nine years it inched along with no shibboleth on its shield, and then, one morning in March last, waked to find that a motto had been wished on it.

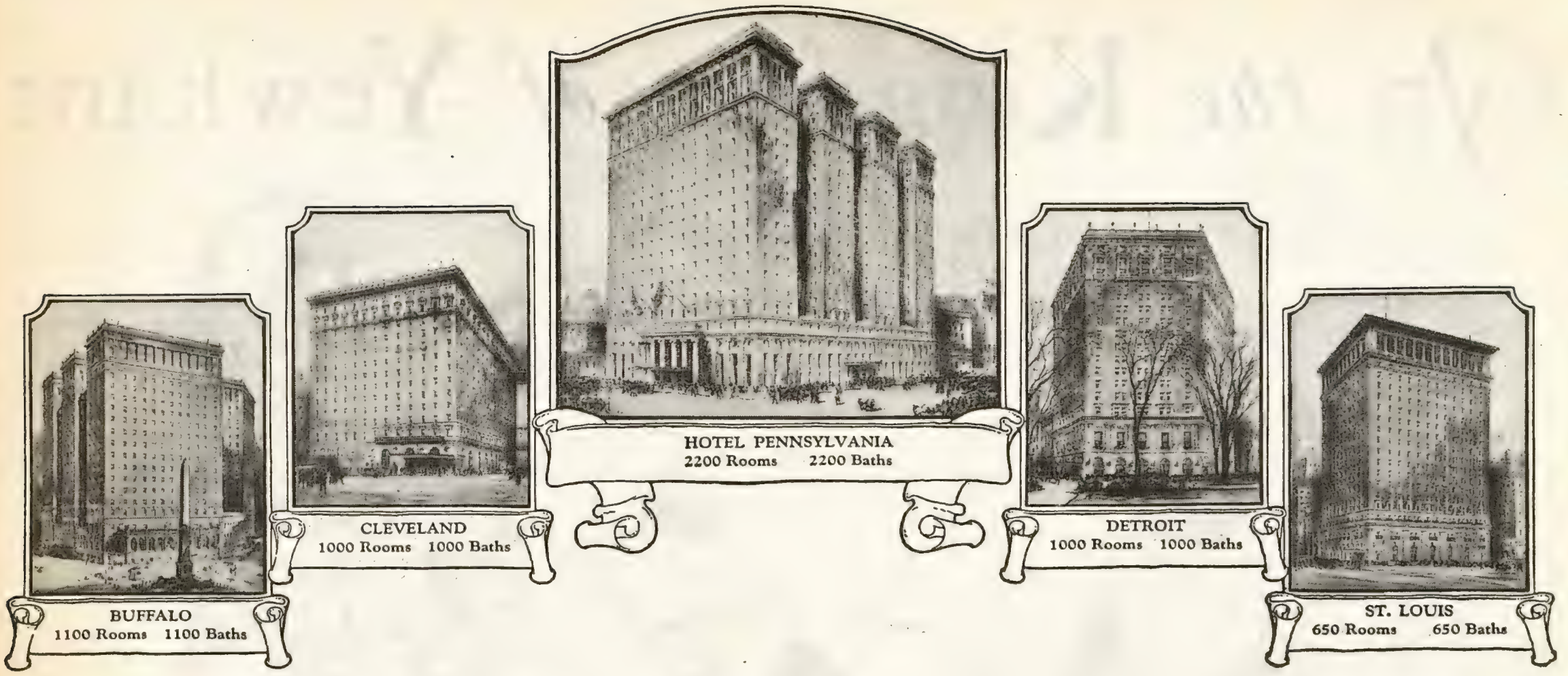
'Tis "You Can't."

And that, through various harmless linguistic corruptions, peculiar to the State of Whitcomb Riley, became Yewkant and gave its name to the parlous state of mind which now is the State of Indiana.

You can't motor into Indiana today and have among the sustenance in your car a bottle of elderberry wine, into which Nature may have infused a shade more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol, without being guilty of a felony and running the risk of serving not less than a year in State prison and being fined one thousand dollars. And the "konstabule" who arrested you can take your car, and the court, upon your conviction, can "and shall" order your car sold, proceeds to go into the school funds of the county.

In Indiana today you can't have any liquor in your house without risking a fine of five hundred dollars and six months in the county jail, and the proof that you have or had liquor in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]



Hotels that *improve* every year

THEY have to—for everybody admits that the business which doesn't improve is going backwards.

So every year we're bettering our service, and also the extent and degree of supervision given to maintenance and improvement of both our properties and our personnel.

The truth is that these hotels are, virtually, new hotels—for every one of our properties is *kept* new. The organization that serves you in a Statler, though, is *not* new; it is well trained, well seasoned, capable—and when service *does* fall short, in some detail, of the Statler standard, you'll find us willing, anxious and able to satisfy you by any means in our power.

E. M. Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis, from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that *every* room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In every room, too, is posted a card on which is printed the price of that room, for one or for two people. You know exactly what the room is costing you—and that you're paying no more than anybody else would pay. We believe in the policy of one price, plain figures and the square deal.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler Niagara Square, Buffalo, has 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists who make Buffalo their headquarters when visiting NIAGARA FALLS, but 23 miles away.

The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St.Louis

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

Hotel **Pennsylvania** *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

your home is "*the possession of empty bottles, kegs, cases, or vessels that have contained intoxicating liquor,*" and such proof "shall be admitted as evidence of the illegal possession of such liquor."

In Indiana today you can't give a friend a drink in your home without running the risk of having your home "declared to be a common nuisance," for maintaining which you shall be fined not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, *and* imprisoned in the county jail for not less than thirty days nor more than six months. If you have in your house more than a quart of intoxicating liquor that is *prima facie* evidence that "said liquor is kept for the purpose of unlawful sale."

There are some queer quirks in the Wright law. Relatively it works rather sweetly for the actual fool and possible slayer who drives a car while drunk. He is fined not exceeding five hundred dollars and must go to the county jail for not less than thirty days and not more than six months. But the sober person merely giving away intoxicating liquor, or having it in his possession—save on a physician's prescription, which cannot be for more than a quart—shall be fined not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars, and shall go to the county jail for not less than thirty days, nor more than six months. It will be seen that as to the money part of the penalties, the odds for a first offense can be in favor of the drunken driver. He can be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars, but the other fellow must be fined not less than one hundred dollars and he can be fined five hundred dollars.

THERE is allied legislation. You can't play cards on a train in Indiana. Try it. The porter will good-naturedly warn you. If you laugh the porter off the conductor will seriously admonish him, saying, "You know the law, and you'll have to speak to them again." The porter does. You and your party have been made ridiculous, but the majesty of the Legislators at Kantopolis has been sustained.

The operations of the Wright law are not mere potentialities. It was born to bite, and it does. Terrorism is its child, and only a few stand up against the precious little thug.

A clerk in one of the big hotels in the French Lick-West Baden spa area was one of the upstanders.

Enter the konstabule.

"Well, neighbor, guess we got to look you over."

"Meaning how?"

"Well, we'll see how dry you are."

"Have you got a warrant?"

The konstabule—I use the savory Georgeadian pronunciation—the konstabule showed his badge.

"That," said the clerk, "don't carry enough conviction with me."

"It has with others," replied the officer, and made menacing movements.

The clerk opened a drawer and said:

"I've got the custody of several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry here tonight and more thousands in currency, and I'm not going to have you poking around this hotel on the strength of a badge, and if you want an argument about this, it's going to be an argument with artillery in it."

Thereupon he toyed with a revolver in kind of an intimate way.

"Oh, well," said King Konstabule, "if you're going to be fresh about it, we'll look in later."

He went his grieved way.

But few stand up.

A worthy man in Indianapolis, employed by a firm of high standing, came among his friends not many days ago almost in tears. "My house has been raided for liquor," he said, "and the firm has let me go on account of the publicity. They said the best they could do was to give me this letter." He showed it. It was a hearty letter praising past services.

"That's a fine letter," said one of the friends.

"Yes," replied the veteran, "it's a fine letter—but I lose my job!"

A salesman traveling out of one of the large cities in Indiana told a judge of the Criminal Court, an honest judge and not credulous, how his house had been raided. His niece, a nice, self-respecting, sensitive girl, keeps house for him. "Raided three times," said the salesman, "while I was away on trips. And today my niece is a nervous wreck."

"That's the kind of thing," said the judge, with blazing eyes, "that can happen at the instigation of a nasty, nagging neighbor."

"Nasty, nagging neighbor" is important because it gives you in three words the essence of the abuses which the Wright law breeds.

In ——— County a special hand-picked grand jury was dealing with liquor cases in a manner comprehensive and expeditious. It was far too comprehensive and expeditious for the trial judge, who was a judge and a gentleman of the old school. He peered solicitously into certain dubious phases of a case of search and seizure (they had found liquor in a fellow's car), and he said to the prisoner:

"Did the officer read a search warrant to you?"

"No."

And to the officer:

"Did you have a search warrant?"

"No, your honor."

The bench thereupon rumbled, and the gist of the rumblings was that even in the Kingdom of Yewkant a man retains some rights that King Konstabule is bound to respect.

Do you know what the comment outside the courtroom was?

It was this:

"Well, it's a pity about the jedge—windin' up a long an' honnable career by becomin' the slave of the liquor interests!"

One of the neighbors, unable to stomach this slandering of an old and honored jurist, made bold to ask, "Did any of you ever read the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States—the part about our being secure against unreasonable searches and seizures?"

The question won Judge ——'s defender naught but suspicion of his own probity, for another town worthy, releasing a glare of disfavor, exclaimed, "Good Lord! what's this country comin' to?"

The humiliation that search on the highway may cause a guiltless motorist in Yewkant is the least factor in moderating the officiousness of King Konstabule. Reproached for an auto search that had brought the women occupants of the car to the point of hysterics, an officer replied, "Well, it's all right! Didn't find anything, did we?"

In one of the westerly provinces of Yewkant dwells a man of national reputation. This man I have known intimately for three and thirty years, and of him I would say on my Bible oath that never in his life has he consciously wronged by deed or word a fellow man. He is a beneficent citizen in State and nation and a kindly philosopher.

With sick disgust his friends told me what happened to him.

An officer appeared on his premises, displayed a search warrant, and made known his purpose to search the house for liquor. It happened that my friend had as guests a company that included two lawyers. One of them said, "Let's have a look at that paper before you go any further." He and his colleague examined the warrant and found names so incorrectly spelled and the premises so improperly described that they pronounced it not worth the paper it was written on. Pointing this out to the officer they warned him that he was a trespasser. He took the warning and departed.

"BUT suppose," was the householder's comment, "that I hadn't happened to be entertaining two lawyers. I wouldn't have known that the warrant was defective, and the officer would have gone through the house."

Yes, just suppose.

But sometimes the house party does not comprise lawyers. Then the householder is helpless.

"How did you get into this house?" a tenacious—e'en pertinacious—judge asked a police lieutenant in command of a raiding squad in Indianapolis.

"I kicked the door in."

Judge —— flamed. "Don't you know," said he, "that that was a brutal thing to do to these people as people and an infamous thing to do to them as citizens?"

For the police there is extenuation of a kind. They, too, are terrorized. Smith telephones the chief of the raiding squad that Jones "has got liquor at his house—gallons of it."

"All right. We'll be right out." "Right out" means that certain legal formalities—such as oath and affirmation and particular description—required by the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of your country are likely to be fluffed.

Why?

Because the police know that unless they act speedily the informer may bring the specific case before the criminal grand jury, with accompanying allegations as to the "shameless derelictions of our police force."

But here is another of the grotesqueries of the situation. Indianapolis is a popular convention city, partly because it is only a few miles from the center of population of the United States.

Conventions are profitable to a city the size of Indianapolis. And they have to be more or less lured. Let a convention of high rollers—persons who love their fun and freedom—check in at Indianapolis and the word goes out, "Lift it until this convention's over,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Reviving Our Cross-Word Puzzle

ISN'T it the truth that you never know how many friends a man has until he is dead? When we discontinued our cross-word puzzle, letters from every corner of America poured in, praising it and asking if it couldn't be brought to life again. Always your obedient servant, we hastened to revive the puzzle. If you will look in next week's Liberty you will find its black and white self as entertaining and instructive as ever.

Auto-Lite Ignition for FORDS

With this new improved ignition system you can increase the efficiency of your Ford and add immeasurably to the pleasure and service it gives you. Quicker, easier starting—more power—more speed—quicker pick-up—longer life—greater economy. Big-car action that you never dreamed was possible. Install Auto-Lite today! Write us if your dealer cannot supply you.

Auto-Lite Ignition for Fords can be easily and quickly installed without removing the radiator. Placed in approximate position, you simply bolt it on in place of your regular Ford timer. Start the motor. Then with one hand turn the interrupter case till maximum efficiency is reached. Tighten one screw and the job is done.

Price includes wiring and fittings

Special coil $5.00 extra

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THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO. Office & Works: Toledo, Ohio

$12.00

SERVICE AUTO-LITE STATION

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"it" meaning the nagging, nosing feature of the liquor law. After the convention "it" closes down again—until the next convention.

Not the village gossips told me that, but men of affairs. They also belong to the Silent and Surreptitious Order of the Wholly Licked. They gave me wonderful talks, but it got to be routine how at the close of the talks almost every man would say, "Anything I've given you, Mr. Bennett, that will be useful to you as a point of view you are welcome to use, but for the present please keep my name out of anything you write."

University bred men, old men and the younger, financiers, jurists, physicians, merchants, writers, politicians, some of them of statesman caliber but not working in statesmanship at the moment—all were pretty much that way—the writers, I am proud to say, perhaps least so.

SOME of the talks were group talks an hour and a half long, and when, at their close, I would ask whether anybody could be quoted by name, almost invariably the spokesman's reply would be, "Oh, I guess not—at least not for the present," the words uttered a little shamefacedly, a little wearily. In short, they were brave in confidence, and some who were most vehement at table were the least solicitous for print.

Nor can they be wholly despised for their pusillanimity. There is practical penalty. One of the important Yewkantians frankly confessed his dread of it. Gibed by a compatriot—the outstanding, outspoken Meredith Nicholson—for his refusal to talk for print on the liquor situation, this man replied, "That's all right, but I own property in this State."

That menace strikes the big and the little in Indiana today. In a small town dwelt a thrifty little Belgian man who kept a meat market. It was his practice, and it was a real community service, to keep in his refrigerator until Sunday morning meats bought on Saturday night by customers who had no ice boxes. He would open the shop Sunday morning for a couple of hours, and the customers would come around for their purchases of the night before.

That good little Belgian man was turned out of the community on the plea that he was violating the Sunday observance laws. He sought refuge on a bit of farm remote from the town and began life over again.

Make no mistake about the terrorization. It is no airy figment of rumor. Witnesses testified on the stand that they had been promised immunity "if they would get something on Collins."

Now this Collins is James A. Collins of Indianapolis, judge of the Marion County Criminal Court. In the last fifteen years he has tried eighty thousand criminal cases. If he were not an upright judge it should not have been difficult, considering the volume of business he has transacted, to "get something" on him. It was impossible. Why, then, did zealotry deem it desirable? Because Judge Collins had frowned upon and fought the abuse of the search warrant in liquor raids.

Take the case of Judge Willoughby. In 1921 Judge Benjamin M. Willoughby of the Indiana Supreme Court handed down an adverse opinion on a piece of liquor legislation that aimed to make bare possession an offense. He declared that legislation invalid and in violation of the constitution of the State because the title of the act was not sufficiently comprehensive to indicate the most important provision of the act. Leaders of the Anti-Saloon League immediately went from meeting to meeting pleading with citizens to "vote against Willoughby because he is rendering wet opinions."

That charge was not zealotry's sole bludgeon. It harped on the fact that Benjamin M. Willoughby had, when he was a member of the Legislature, voted against local option. That was nearly thirty years ago.

The charges hurt. In 1919 Judge Willoughby was elected to the Supreme Court by a handsome majority. In the last election, in a poll of over a million two hundred thousand, he won by *one* vote.

Meanwhile, in Indiana as in Illinois, banditry flourishes. Hard liquor is obtainable. I was offered enough to keep me befuddled for the period of my visit if I had taken all that was offered.

NOT alone for the isolated individual are there immunities and opportunities. From two good sources I heard in Kantopolis that the word has been "passed" that no strong prohibition offensive is to be made until after the mayoralty campaign. Walter Meyers, Democratic prospect for mayor, has, you see, been doing some talking against insensate enforcement.

The most amazing and dangerous riders, immunities, and alternatives are being loaded onto and into the law of the land. Today in Indiana they have reached, practically, a stage where the source of evidence and the means of obtaining it may be impure but the evidence shall be good. When anxious citizens took their suspicions in that matter to one of the leading judges of the State and asked his opinion he replied, "Gentlemen, that's so unconstitutional it stinks."

Clause after clause of the Wright law takes away the discretionary power of the court, especially the court's power to suspend sentences in any instance after a third offense. This is considered by many the prime constitutional weakness of the law, but there is no active crusading to amend the weakness.

The courageous judges find it almost impossible to bear it in on the zealots that affidavits and search warrants cannot rest on or issue from mere suspicion but must be backed by "probable cause."

Perjury is at a premium. If a bootlegger is caught selling but will give the names of all his customers he automatically goes free, and is accounted a public benefactor.

Any citizen or organization can employ an attorney to act as assistant prosecutor in a liquor case. Such an assistant is outside the elective system, but the case cannot be dismissed over his objection until the point has been argued by counsel and fully considered by the court.

All these legal jokers and riders and loops have so befuddled the public mind that Indiana today is ethically tipsy, and the moral bully flourishes from the sea of sweet water on the north to the Ohio on the south.

I ASKED my favorite American essayist, Meredith Nicholson, what he thought were the sources of the bully's power and he whittled me this wonderful answer:

"The vanity of rectitude, the pride of virtue, the consolations of hypocrisy."

The remedy?

Law officers of the State told me that the sole remedy is "enforcement until it hurts, enforcement so drastic as to smite Indiana full in the nose as scandalous oppression. That will crystallize a public opinion for sane modification."

One of the chiefs of the law department of the State said:

"The paid agents of prohibition organizations get their handsome salaries from extremists, and to keep on getting them they must be more and more extreme. They will be, but there is a limit even to the extreme. Then reaction will come. I only hope that it will be a sane, sober reaction, and not an insensate one. Certainly the present conditions are unwholesome and cannot endure. The fact that children today see their parents violate foolish and fanatical and meddlesome laws in the home is a fact destructive of what used to be the best influence for law and law observance in this country—I mean the influence and example of the parent. But, with the present example before him, son going to college is going to have terribly easy notions about hootch and about dealings with the bootlegger.

"How can you expect him to discriminate?"

THE END

Are International Marriages a Success?

A Surprising Article on a Much Discussed Theme

And so they were married,
and lived happy ever after.

By Winifred Mallon

Decoration by EDWARD A. WILSON

SO THEY were, and so they do, any number of them, in the face of the indignant unbelief of ever so many one hundred per cent Americans who have no use for Europe,

International Photo Kadel & Herbert Photo

Captain the Right Honorable Frederick Edward Guest, British Secretary of State for Air, and his wife, who was Miss Amy Phipps, daughter of Henry Phipps of New York.

titles, and the effete aristocracies of older countries, and with whom it is a matter of faith amounting to conviction that American girls who marry foreigners generally, if not always, live to regret their experience.

But the fact is that they don't. Not always. Not generally. Not even frequently.

During the last twenty years, indeed, the international marriages in number have been legion, with a divorce rate dwindling almost to the vanishing point, triumphantly challenging comparison with the all-American marriages which in all directions have been going on the rocks.

Books and plays and editorials have been written about the rich, deceived, and wretched American bride of the fortune-hunting foreign nobleman who, after marrying her and wasting her dear father's hard-earned money in evil and riotous living, sends her home, crushed and disillusioned, to marry at last, as she should have done at first, the noble young American hero who has loved her all the time.

But it doesn't always happen that way.

More than one American girl is living happily today with a foreign husband after a thoroughly unhappy first marriage with an American. There are, for instance, Ruth Bryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan; Ava Willing of Philadelphia; Ethel Field of Chicago, daughter of the late Marshall Field; Minna Field, his niece (daughter of his brother Henry, whose widow married Thomas Nelson Page)—every one of whom after failure of her first (American) marriage became, and remains, the wife of an Englishman.

P. & A. Photos

The Rev. William Harley Carnegie, rector of St. Margaret's, London, and Mrs. Harley, who was Mary Endicott of Massachusetts. Her first husband was the late Joseph Chamberlain.

Ruth Bryan was Mrs. John Leavitt before she married Reginald Owen (he was Major Reginald Owen during the World War); Miss Willing was Mrs. John Jacob Astor until she became Lady Ribblesdale, not long after the death of her first husband, who, some time after their divorce, married Madeline Force (now Mrs. William Dick) and went down on the Titanic as they were returning from their wedding trip.

© Harris & Ewing © Henry Miller

Dr. Karl von Lewinski, counselor of the German embassy in the United States, and his American wife. Before her marriage Frau von Lewinski was a Denver society girl.

Ethel Field was Mrs. Arthur Tree when she married, twenty-three years ago, Admiral Lord Beatty, who was then Commander David Beatty.

Minna Field married Captain, afterward Major, Algernon Burnaby, of Baggrave Hall, Leicestershire (who served at Gallipoli and in Egypt until invalided home, where he is now a J. P. and joint master of Quorn Hounds), a few years after her divorce from Preston Gibson, who since that time has been divorced by two other American women, Grace Macmillan Jarvis (now Mrs. Morris Ernest Locke) and Mrs. Alexander Pratt, and at this writing is honeymooning in Paris with his fourth wife, the former Miss Evelyn Harris Spaulding of Boston.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You See the Difference *Instantly*

Just try one little spot and watch. With the very first touch a New beauty is revealed. The change is almost unbelievable. A delightfully clear silky skin of a radiant beauty is suddenly evident. Compare it with your usual complexion and you quickly realize the exceptional Beauty Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders to your skin and complexion.

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
"Beauty's Master Touch"

exerts an effective antiseptic and astringent action, making it valuable in cases of skin blemishes, flabbiness, wrinkles, oiliness and undue redness. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in Compact form.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Not that they always marry Englishmen, though the men of England do, indeed, lead all foreign competitors in the matter of winning American wives.

Amelie Rives of Virginia, who astounded her family and started a new school of fiction some thirty years ago by writing The Quick or the Dead, was Mrs. John Astor Chanler before she became Princess Pierre Troubetskoy, while the Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne (Miss Marie Dow) had two American husbands, Elihu Frost, divorced, and Hamilton Wilkes Cary, deceased, before marrying the present Belgian ambassador to the United States.

SOME ten years ago there was compiled a list going back less than fifty years, and highly incomplete at that, of two hundred and thirty-six American girls who had married titled or otherwise prominent men of other countries.

Of the total number listed only eighteen, including all the most widely known failures, had ended in separation, annulment, or divorce; while according to recent surveys it appears that from one in seven to one in every ten American marriages end in the divorce court.

Not included in the list, on the other hand, were hundreds of happy and successful international marriages, among them, to name but a few, Mme. Jusserand (Elise Richards), wife of the French ambassador who represented his country at Washington for twenty-two years; Señora Dona Alicia Ward de Riaño, wife of the Spanish ambassador who succeeds M. Jusserand as dean of the corps; Countess Szechenyi (Gladys Vanderbilt), wife of the Hungarian minister; Mme. Panaretoff (Miss Lydia Gile of North Andover, Massachusetts), wife of the Bulgarian minister; Mme. Edgar L. Prochnik (Gretchen James), wife of the charge d'affaires of Austria; Frau von Lewinski, wife of the counselor of the German embassy, who was a Denver girl, and Mrs. Henry Getty Chilton, wife of the counselor of the British embassy, who is a daughter of the former ambassador to Japan and Mrs. Thomas J. O'Brien of Michigan.

Facts, however, are poor things compared to convictions, and—

"Nonsense," asserts the average American citizen. "Of course international marriages are bound to end badly. American girls shouldn't marry foreigners. There ought to be a law against it."

These sentiments have been expressed even in the halls of Congress, though the suggested laws have not yet been enacted.

Meanwhile the international marriages increasingly prevail. Even Anna Gould, after divorcing Count Boni di Castellane, married another Frenchman, his cousin, and is now the Duchess de Talleyrand; Consuelo Vanderbilt, after finally divorcing the Duke of Marlborough (who promptly married another American girl, Miss Gladys Deacon of Boston), married Colonel Jacques Balsan, a Frenchman.

Quite generally, indeed, American girls who lose their foreign husbands by death or divorce marry again, if at all, men of other countries than their own, and foreign husbands of American girls invariably take for their second wives, if any, women born under the Stars and Stripes.

A typical love match, wholly uninfluenced by social or financial considerations was that of H. W. Kennard, second secretary of the British embassy during the Roosevelt administration, and Miss Norris of Washington.

An interesting close-up on that international romance is contained in the letters of Major Archie Butt, military aide to President Roosevelt and President Taft.

"Mrs. Kennard was Miss Norris," Major Butt wrote to his sister-in-law on January 8, 1909, describing the diplomatic reception at the White House the night before, "and has lived all her life in Washington. Kennard was considered an awful snob, which he never was, but his ultra-British manner gave an impression of conceit and foppishness. He fell in love with Miss Norris at first sight, and last night was her first appearance among the diplomats. She looked stunning in a plain black velvet gown with a long, graceful train."

THE Kennards are still married, still in the diplomatic service, and at this writing are stationed in Rome.

During and after the World War international marriages followed one another thick and fast in Washington, every one of which, incidentally, is still in good and regular standing, except where death has intervened, as in the case of Noña McAdoo, daughter of William G. McAdoo and chum of Eleanor Wilson, who afterward became her stepmother. Miss McAdoo married early in the Wilson administration Ferdinand de Morenschildt, of the Russian embassy staff, who died a few years afterward.

Then Sara Price Collier, daughter of the late Price Collier, author and traveler, and niece of Mrs. Frederic A. Delano, married Lieutenant Fellowes-Gordon, R. N., aide to Admiral Grant, a romance which was observed with lively and sympathetic interest both in official and unofficial circles, where the couple, uncommonly attractive young people, had scores of friends.

Amy Bennett, daughter of the editor of the Washington *Post* and Mrs. Ira Bennett, married Lieut. Claude Langlais of the French War

Mission, and Mildred Bromwell, daughter of the late Col. Charles S. Bromwell and granddaughter of Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, one time president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, married Capt. Sidney R. Bailey, R. N., naval attache of the British embassy.

Jane Story, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Story, married Capt. Roy R. Glen (whose mother was an American) while he was serving as special military attache at the British embassy and went with him to Egypt, where he has since been stationed.

AND so it has gone, ever since the early days of the republic.

All along the line, from Miss Van Ness, daughter of the Governor of Vermont, who met and married during the Tyler administration Sir William Gore Ouseley, then secretary of the British legation, and forty years later, in the Buchanan administration, British minister on special mission, to Miss Mary Wallace of Iowa, daughter of the late Secretary of Agriculture, who married last spring Dr. Charles

Mme. Edgar A. G. Prochnik, American wife of the Austrian charge d'affaires at Washington, and their children. Before her marriage she was Miss Gretchen James.

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Count Szechenyi, the Hungarian minister to the United States, his three children, and (at the left) his wife, who, before her marriage, was Miss Gladys Vanderbilt.

P. & A. Photo

© Underwood & Underwood

Jules Jusserand, until recently ambassador from France, and Mme. Jusserand, the former Elise Richards. She was born in America.

© Underwood & Underwood © Kadel & Herbert

The Duke of Marlborough and his second American wife, the former Miss Gladys Deacon of Boston. His first wife was Consuelo Vanderbilt.

Brueggeman, counselor of the Swiss legation, who is now on duty in Paris.

Miss Thorndike of Boston married Count de Sartiges, minister of France in the Van Buren administration (their grandson, Count Louis de Sartiges, is now counselor of the French embassy at Washington), and Miss Campbell of Washington married the late William O. Charlton when he was serving as secretary to Lord Sackville-West prior to his recall in 1888 at the request of President Cleveland. Air Commodore General Lionel E. O. Charlton, their son—the second generation is beginning to come back—was Great Britain's first air attache at Washington at the close of the World War.

Americans as well as Europeans marry while on foreign service. Mrs. Warren Delano Robbins, for instance, was Mlle. Irene de Bruyn of Argentina, and Mrs. Hugh Gibson was Mlle. Ynes Reyntiens of Brussels, where Hugh Gibson served under Brand Whitlock during the war. Mr. Robbins is now counselor of the United States embassy at Berlin and Mr. Gibson is United States minister to Switzerland.

Richard E. Pennoyer and Lithgow Osborne, both of whom resigned not long ago after several years in the American diplomatic service, were married abroad, the former, while serving as secretary of embassy at London, to Lady Winifred Paget, and the latter, while on duty at the American legation at Copenhagen, to Countess Lili Raben-Lebetzau.

And Col. T. Bentley Mott, American military attache at Paris, last spring married Mlle. Georgette St. Paul, and Commander Thaddeus A. Thompson, naval attache at London, married an English girl, Miss Lillian Newton.

THE record for international marriages, however, is held by the American girl.

More American girls have married into the diplomatic corps than into all other ranks of foreign society, and the vast majority of these marriages have been notably happy. Many American brides of junior officers and diplomats have returned years afterward with their husbands on special mission or to preside over the embassies or legations in which their husbands formerly had served as attaches or secretaries.

A vivid demonstration of the Americanization of the Corps Diplomatique was afforded shortly after the armistice, when for a time every important diplomatic mission to the United States had an American woman as its official hostess, every ambassador, minister, or highest ranking officer acting in the absence of his chief having an American wife.

THE END

BE of Good Cheer, Men! Here Are Tidings on How to Be Happy Though UNmarried

This Business of

By CHARLES

Picture by

THE author of this article is a well-known editor, poet, and novelist and is not married. He has written several novels, edited a number of books, and also has been the editor of various magazines.

YES! Being a bachelor *is* a business. One might almost call it a profession. It has its high moments; but likewise it has its dull moments. The high moments come when we hear a married couple quarreling. The dull moments follow when we realize we haven't anyone even to quarrel with.

People often ask unmarried men—they have asked me, I know—if they ever seriously considered matrimony. "How did you escape?" they smile—forgetting that in the word "escape" they have more or less betrayed themselves.

Of course I have considered marrying. Who hasn't? I almost married once—was definitely engaged; and I regret exceedingly that I have not had a wife. But I certainly do not believe that an unhappy marriage is better than no marriage at all.

Let any of the younger generation—or is it gineration now?—who seriously contemplate bachelorhood, instantly get rid of the notion that so-called popularity in a great city like New York is a difficult thing to attain. To my mind—and I hold the truth to be self-evident—it is merely a question of this: Any young or youngish man, unattached, may make his way through innumerable drawing rooms if (1) he wears his evening clothes well, (2) is polite, and (3) doesn't drink too much.

I say this in all seriousness—as things are oracularly said in etiquette books. All you have to do is to watch the people who drop out from time to time. I have in mind a young bachelor who meets the requirements of wearing his evening clothes well and not drinking too much; but he isn't polite. He accepted, over and over again, for one brief season, four invitations on the same night, thinking he was exceedingly clever. Then, when the evening came, he calmly threw over three of his prospective hostesses, and accepted the bid which seemed to him most attractive.

That was not only impolite: it was crude and crass and stupid. It so happened that one of the ladies whom he had disdained was giving a theater party in the box next to the one he occupied; and there was much blushing on the young bachelor's part when he was discovered, alive and well, after he had sent an eleventh-hour, heartbreaking note telling how indisposed he was. It is safe to say that he *was* indisposed for the rest of that evening.

Incidents like this have a way of getting around, being reported, even in a monstrous honeycomb like New York. And ostracism follows, even as the night the day.

The social scene, *per se*, is interesting only for a time; it soon becomes monotonous, stodgy, vainly repetitious, a mere touching of finger tips instead of warm handclasps, and icy invitations given by butlers over the telephone instead of cordial personal bids from one's intimate friends. Why, then, the social climber, one may well ask. The question has never been satisfactorily answered.

A woman who has aspirations—of no mat what nature—well, one may understand psychology; but show me a man who desires social game more than any other and I will sh you a bad 'un. Every time.

One may wish to look on at the gay pageant society, or even be a tiny part of it, since ev phase of life should interest the normal bei After all, the whole of life is not in the squa on the lower East Side: and much as I Fannie Hurst, may I not also retain my affecti for Edith Wharton?

Being a Bachelor

NSON TOWNE

BELITZ

Many a young man, popular this season, becomes impossible the next, through a mistaken idea that he has made a dent.

he bachelor gets around more than his mar- friends because there's only one of him. ere would be less conceit among bachelors if remembered this.) Practically every hostess a few young unattached ladies on her hands n she arranges a dinner, and single men must ound to help her out. Nine times out of ten, huge city, she keeps an alphabetical list of ble dinner guests, and goes through this, as might delve into the telephone book or the al Register.

nd this reminds me that I once knew two young bachelors named Armsby and Zabriskie. The former was forever boasting of his "popularity," much to the latter's chagrin; and then one day Zabriskie discovered the *modus operandi* of hostesses, and suggested to not a few of them that they begin at the back of the book. His hour of being in demand struck instantly; and it was Armsby who sat at home by the radiator, one long bleak winter, wondering why he was so seldom invited out.

The snobbish bachelor, who looks with scorn upon a hostess who asks him to "fill in" at the last moment, is a fool. No greater compliment could be paid to anyone than to be asked to do just that; for the request, made in all truthfulness, proves that one is on such intimate terms with one's friend, that no dissembling is necessary—in a city of constant dissembling.

I think that popularity hinges, too, upon the quality of dependability. When a hostess comes to know that a certain man may always be counted upon; that he will not, under any circumstances, "throw her over" at the last moment, she realizes that she has acquired a social jewel.

Reliable bachelors are sought and coddled and wellnigh spoiled. Your reliable bachelor may not be so brilliant as his fellow performers (yet, strangely enough, he may be, too); but his very dependability will get him further, in the long run, and he will last for many seasons, when fly-by-nights have vanished into darkness of oblivion.

ALAS! I have suffered by "filling in"—who has not? But I have also spent some of my pleasantest evenings under just such conditions. It's fifty-fifty. It's an even break. And the very fact that one wonders what a certain dinner will be like as one takes one's way to it hurriedly in a taxi, lends a savor, a zest, a piquancy that the cut-and-dried function is bound to lack.

The butler hands you your little envelope, in which you discover the name of your dinner companion. As you ascend the marble staircase, you peep, humanly enough, at it. It bears a name you have never known. You are alert, at once. Who is this new girl that your hostess has corralled? What will she be like? Mrs. Tweed doesn't go in for bores. She cleverly gives one big "bore dinner" every year, as you know, and gets rid of them all with one fell self-protective swoop.

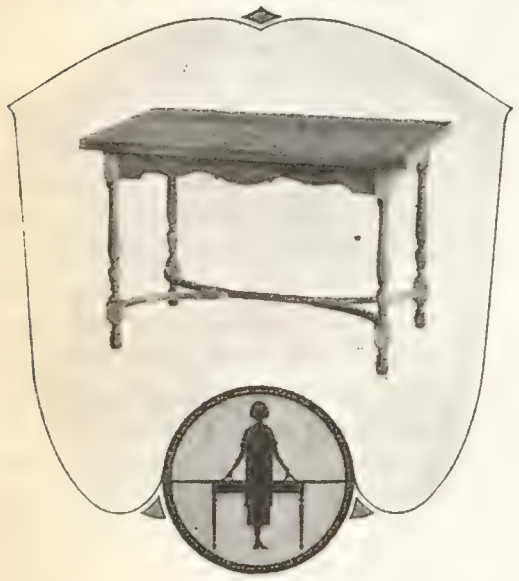
She is too kind-hearted, too considerate to ask her real friends to take any chances at such a dinner. That is why she keeps her friends. She knows that a dinner must be long considered, if it is to be successful; that when one is to be chained, as it were, to an inelastic table like Prometheus to the rock, it is unkind to place one next to a dullard, with no hope of escape. That is why we are all willing to take a chance with Mrs. Tweed.

You are being presented to your companion. You like her eyes, her hair. You see that she is new to New York; and you know then that you can get off all your old quips, pretending that they are happily spontaneous. Your heart leaps up when you behold this daffodil. And then. . . .

Then you hear her voice! It rasps. It twangs. It shrills. It cuts. It is, in a word, awful. You

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GREGORY
JIFFY-DINE
"Convertible † in a Jiffy"



Equally fine!— for apartment or other home!

WE ALL feel that the furnishings of our homes constitute the environment in which we must spend the great part of our lives. Bearing this in mind, how easily you can work wonders in your home with a few pieces of "right" furniture.

Pull knob to lift top

The modern note highly in demand in apartment and small house furnishings tends toward simplicity of arrangement and economy of space. And just this opportunity presents itself in the Jiffy-Dine combination library and dining table—just three simple movements and "in a jiffy" the smart Jiffy-Dine library table is a large dining table!—ample for eight persons. And very remarkable, no joints in the table top center!—it is in one piece!

Draw out leaves

Saving of steps and economy of space is the dual purpose of the Jiffy-Dine. For any modern home, the small house, the city apartment or the rambling country house, the Jiffy-Dine serves its twin purpose and satisfies one's desire for economy and the artistic. A distinguishing note to any interior!

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Fill out coupon and receive folder of various styles

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Tacoma, Washington.

Gentlemen: Please send your folder, illustrating the various styles of the Gregory "Jiffy-Dine."

Name.....

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

think of the story of the distraught accompanist who, playing for a dreadful singer, after the first song, turned and said, "Ah, madame, I cannot go on. I strike the black notes, I strike the white notes; but you always sing in the cracks!"

You are in for it, indeed. You earn your dinner. You do your valiant best. But oh, that ringing in your ears, which never ceases. The young daffodil has heard how witty you are supposed to be. She, on her part, is woefully disappointed. So this is New York, and its famous dinners, where the humor is as bubbling as the champagne! She forgets, of course, that she has given you no chance to make good—even to begin. She has rattled on like an iron riveter. There has been no let-up—not even a comma in her flashing sentences.

I ONCE got rid of such a bore at a table of celebrities by what I still think was a clever device. I had been placed next a diamond-bedecked lady of dubious age, who was new to the metropolitan scene. The room was filled with well-knowns. She asked me the name of each. I told her.

"And what do *you* do, that you are here?" she blandly asked. "Alas! my dear lady," I answered, meekly, "I don't know why they have placed me next to so charming a person, for I am only—a buttonhole manufacturer." She shuddered, and turned to the man on her left for the remainder of the evening, much to my relief.

It is a great art—this getting rid of undesirable companions; and often the women get rid of us bachelors, too. And how well they do it! I heard a woman tell a man once that he was a dinner pest—just like that. He should have told her that she was not dinner broken. But he didn't. He thought of it going home in a cab, where Thackeray said most clever things are thought of. "I got off some good departee," one might say.

The young bachelor who takes his profession too seriously, because he feels that he is a necessary part in the scheme of things, will have a rude awakening, sooner or later. The truth is that there is no such thing as an indispensable man—in society or in business. There is always someone coming over the hill who will better fill one's boots.

One must never lose one's sense of humor—concerning oneself, particularly. I have seen young artists spoiled by "arriving" too swiftly; and many a young man, popular this season, becomes impossible next, through a mistaken idea that he has made a dent. No one makes much of an impression in a great city. If you don't believe me, go away for a while.

Which reminds me of a friend of mine who once left London for two years, on a much advertised hunting expedition in Africa, filled with danger. He was most popular in Mayfair and in his numerous clubs. When he returned home he went immediately to the Pall Mall, expecting, even in England, an affectionate greeting from several old-time members. He passed through the stately portals without so much as a nod from the doorman, got his accumulated mail, and then turned hopefully to the lounge. A tall man, whom he had known intimately, bowed as only an English lord can bow, and drawled, "Been away, Harry?" "Yes," answered my friend, not a little taken aback. The lord looked at him, vaguely smiling. "Brighton, I suppose?" and moved on into the dining room, without even waiting for a reply.

Missed? That is what any of us might expect. And I always laugh, therefore, when I hear of vainglorious people, people who believe that they are of the slightest importance, at any time. And I particularly smile at those foolish bachelors in Chicago who, a few years back, committed social *harakiri*.

In Chicago, which is a city of tremendous distances, it seems that a group of unmarried males, much in demand for smart dinners and dances, and having none too great a supply of this world's goods, banded together and issued an ultimatum to various hostesses. If they were expected to attend evening functions—and they considered themselves absolutely essential—motors or taxicabs must be sent to fetch them. They could not afford this permanent expenditure, which ate alarmingly into their pocketbooks.

A few hostesses, frightened and distracted, capitulated. But one bright lady wrote back: "I always thought you were *eligible* bachelors. I see you are not. I can do better for my girls. Good-by!"

OF course, the sensible bachelor knows that the acceptance of an invitation immediately entails an obligation—not necessarily to sing for his supper, but at least to be as agreeable as he knows how. The grumpy guest is not long in demand.

On the contrary, no hostess with brains should expect a wit always to be his wittiest. An obligation is on her side, too.

Oliver Herford stopped going out years ago because a stupid hostess would invariably look in his direction, smile like something at Madame Tussaud's, and, giggling, say, "Oh, do be funny, Mr. Herford! You're *so* amusing!"

And I once was at a dinner where such a lady had placed a great general on her right and a distinguished poet on her left. With the fish and sherry she addressed the poet, who, needless to say, was busy with his food. "*Do* say one of your lovely little verses, Mr. I——." Whereupon the poet answered, "And why, dear lady, don't you ask the general to fire off a cannon?"

This idea that one must come loaded, as it were, with anecdotes and jests, if one is to be a component part of any gathering, is absurd on the face of it. Intelligent guests balk at such an assumption; and heavy is the burden one must carry to his grave who has been foolish enough to learn a few parlor tricks! The better part of wisdom is merely to do one's best in a humble way and leave the rest on the knees of the gods.

I have spoken of a social obligation, automatically assumed when one has accepted special favors. How far, in return, is an unmarried man expected to go in the way of providing entertainment for his various hostesses? The modest man will do only what he can. The casual book, the occasional flowers sent at odd times, the inquiring note in time of illness, the card left at intervals—these will be quite as acceptable as a lavish dinner or theater party. One's friends do not expect a bachelor, unless he is wealthy, to entertain on a grand scale.

WHAT does one get out of all this gregarious existence, as it is led in a teeming city? Sometimes much, sometimes little indeed. But life is a pageant, and the constant procession is all that we have to watch, after all. Nature in all her beautiful manifestations might tire us now and then. Somehow, human nature never does. That's why one keeps on. Around the corner may be the great adventure. Who knows?

And yet there's the great adventure of staying home—with a half dozen unaccepted invitations piled on one's desk. There is nothing like it. You have worked hard all day; you have been out every evening for a solid month; it is raining pitchforks; and you slip into your easy chair before the glowing fire.

That new book you've been trying to find time to read is miraculously near you. You dip into it. Fine! The wood crackles; a clock chimes; your servant noiselessly enters.

"Dining out, sir?" he asks. You hesitate just the fraction of a second. Then, bravely, "No." The servant starts—or do you self-consciously imagine this? "Very good, sir." "Just bring me a snack—right here by the fire, James," you say.

And an hour later you wonder if you will ever go out again—until the telephone rings and a persuasive woman's voice seals your doom for the following evening.

THE END

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CHIEF BENDER, the old-time Philadelphia American star, who pitched a game in which Billy Evans pulled some "inside stuff" of his own.

Twenty Years *A Big League* UMPIRE

The Inside Story of One of the Most Famous Careers in Baseball

By BILLY EVANS

Who Has Umpired More Than 3,000 Games in the American League.

WHILE Billy Evans gives incidents in his life story in the various installments of his reminiscences, each installment is practically complete in itself, dealing with some one topic suggested by his twenty years' experience in umpiring major league baseball games. In this installment he tells of "inside baseball" and "master minds," what they really accomplish on the diamond, and wherein their achievements are exaggerated.

Int. Photo

John J. McGraw, veteran pilot of the New York Giants. Evans calls him a daring master of "inside baseball."

CHAPTER VI.

"INSIDE BASEBALL" AS I HAVE SEEN IT

THE strategy of baseball! We hear much of it. What part does the so-called "inside stuff" play in the winning of pennants? It is largely a matter of exaggeration. True, strategy plays a definite role, but it is not nearly so important as the experts would have you believe. Super-pitchers and timely batters form the greatest strategical combination in the world.

The score is a tie, there is a runner on third, one out, and Babe Ruth at bat. It is the last half of the ninth and a base hit or a long fly by Ruth means the ball game. Detroit is the opposing team. The situation is a precarious one for the Cobb men, for breaking up ball games is the Babe's specialty.

The first pitch is just to Ruth's liking; he takes a terrific cut at the ball and drives a long fly that clears the right-field fence, but is foul.

Ty Cobb races in from center field and is soon in heated conversation with the twirler.

"Inside stuff," says the fan. "Cobb is telling the pitcher Ruth's weakness, just where he should pitch to him." Cobb finally goes back to his position.

The next two pitches are wide of the plate and the umpire calls them balls. Then comes one to Ruth's liking and he connects for another long foul.

Johnny Bassler, catcher of the Detroit club, and Lu Blue, first sacker, hasten over to the pitcher's box and engage the mound artist in torrid conversation.

"More inside stuff," says the fan. "That pitcher isn't working right on Ruth. He gave him one in his 'groove.' Looks as if it would be necessary to tell that guy where every ball should be pitched."

Ruth finally walks after getting the count to three balls and two strikes. The Tigers manage to retire the side without further scoring and win the ball game in the next inning.

"Strategy won that game for Detroit," says the fan. "Walking Ruth saved the day. If the Tigers had let the big fellow hit instead of passing him, he would have broken up the game."

Strategy of the diamond! That feature of baseball has been stressed in fact and fiction.

Such yarns make good reading, but usually they are largely the product of some expert. True, certain managers are able to get more

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

What Good Does It Do You To Know Something

Advertisements in all Papers and Magazines are all trying to appeal to the intelligent. Now this one is for the great majority. Reliable authority, in fact it was the Draft Boards during the War, figured out that the intelligence of the average adult of this Country was that of a 13 year old Child. (Now that is giving us the best of it because a 13 year old Child is about the smartest thing we have in this Country), but the 13 year old Child they referred to was one who had been raised on the milk of human Kindness (which is mostly Water) and weaned on a Hard Boiled Egg. You know the smarter the Man the more dissatisfied he is, so cheer up let us be happy in our ignorance. What do we care how little we know if we get what we want. "Bull" Durham has to stand no Literacy Test, it is with minority in quality and with the majority in usage.

Will Rogers

P. S. This last sentence is all that saved the ad.

P. P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

"BULL" DURHAM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

out of players than others, but, after all, ball games are won through the medium of base hits, masterly pitching, and airtight fielding.

When a runner reaches first base it is possible to attempt certain strategic moves that will enable him to advance, but surely there is nothing more potent than the base hit in producing runs. It is an old and true saying that you can't steal first base.

In the game that I have mentioned between New York and Detroit, here is what Ty Cobb probably said to his pitcher after his trip from center field:

"Well, of all the dumb-bells, you win the brown derby. How many times have I told you never to pitch fast and on the inside to Ruth? If you do it again it will cost you fifty bucks. He can't do any harm on first base. Walk him unless you can make him bite at a bad ball."

When Catcher Bassler and First Baseman Blue went into session with the pitcher, the so-called inside stuff was very likely along these lines:

"You must have a date for this evening, the way you are working. Take your time; keep Ruth waiting. The more anxious you make that big guy the less liable he is to bust up the ball game," or

"You must be a friend of Ruth's, the way you are pitching to him. That's two you have slipped him right in his 'groove.' You ought to be wearing a New York uniform."

I SHALL never forget an incident that took place in Washington about twelve years back. I figured in the episode, which had all the earmarks of being inside stuff; as a matter of fact, literally, it was just that. The Philadelphia Athletics, then the world champions, were playing Washington.

It was a Saturday afternoon and a big crowd was on hand to see the great Walter Johnson oppose the crafty Chief Bender. It was a game that teemed with critical situations. Both pitchers were often in the hole, each inclined to be wild, but when danger threatened, always seemed able to extricate themselves.

When a pitcher is constantly in the hole it is a custom of baseball for his teammates to hold conferences with him in an effort to steady him. In baseball it is considered good judgment to keep the pitcher from working too fast when he is in trouble. It gives him a chance to regain his poise.

Throughout the game either the Washington or Philadelphia players were constantly congregating about Johnson or Bender, seemingly offering words of wisdom to those two great pitchers. Now,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Manager Stanley Harris of Washington, who pulled a bit of "inside stuff" last year that helped win the deciding game of the World Series.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

if one for a moment would consider the remarkable ability of pitchers of the Johnson-Bender type, it would be self-evident that none of the infielders could wise them up on the part of fooling the batters.

"Plenty of strategy is being pulled today," surmised the fans, but there wasn't. In reality the line of conversation was much as follows:

"Take your time; you must have something on tonight."

"Why the hurry? Is the ball hot? Slow up on these ginks; keep them waiting; they're more worried than you."

As a matter of fact, no one made any effort to tell either Johnson or Bender how to pitch. The thought was to delay matters so that the pitchers could get their bearings, recover their poise.

Every inning dragged along. It was simply impossible to finish a single session without one or the other team going into a tedious conference. Then along came the ninth inning with Philadelphia leading, 4 to 3. Johnson managed to retire the Athletics in quick time; Bender retired two men and the thought occurred to me that we were actually going to finish an inning without any foolish delay. Then the unexpected happened.

Jack Egan was calling balls and strikes. I was umpiring the bases. Suddenly I saw him raise his arm and in a loud voice shout "Time!" I wondered why. Egan walked half way down the foul line to first, then, with a commanding wave of the arm, he called me over for a conference. As I reached Egan's side I remarked:

"What's the trouble? Anything serious?"

"I should say not." Egan smiled as he said it. "You know these players have been making themselves look wise all afternoon with their counterfeit conferences, so I just decided they wouldn't have a thing on us. Where will we eat tonight?"

I SUGGESTED a well-known restaurant noted in those days for its good food, and he agreed.

"What will we eat?"

"Well, I'm hungry, Jack, and feel like pouncing on a sirloin steak, baked potato, head lettuce salad, coffee, and apple pie *à la mode*."

"Suits me perfectly. I'll be ready for some real food when we finish this long-drawn-out affair."

Then, with another wave of the hand, Egan summoned one of the Washington attaches, and, naming the restaurant we had decided upon, he gave him the following instructions:

"Just as soon as you get time call up John, the head waiter, tell him Billy Evans and Jack Egan will be down to dinner at six-thirty, and order two sirloin steaks, one well done, one medium; also baked potato, head lettuce, coffee, and apple pie *à la mode* for two."

Egan walked away and called "Play ball."

A pinch hitter produced the base hit the Washington fans had been praying for and the score was tied. Instead of the game ending in nine innings it took Washington fourteen to get the verdict. I might add that Egan and I were an hour late for dinner, also that our steaks were far from palatable. The real punch transpired in the evening, with the lobby of my hotel as the setting rather than the Washington ball park. Numbered among the political celebrities staying there was Congressman Pat Harrison from Mississippi, who now wears the Senatorial toga.

Pat Harrison is a great baseball fan, a close student of the game. Like most of the Congressmen and Senators from the South, Harrison pulls for Washington, except when Ty Cobb's Detroit club is the opposing team. The South is solid for Cobb; for Ty is a native of Georgia. Shortly after dinner I bumped into Harrison in the hotel lobby.

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Connie Mack, the brainy Philadelphia American pilot who originated "skull practice" sessions to discuss the opposing team before each game.

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Eddie Collins of the Chicago White Sox—a keen strategist on the diamond.

"That was a great game, Billy!" he said. "Fine game for Washington to win. Tough one for Philadelphia to lose."

"You know, Billy," he continued, "I was as much interested in the conferences that were being held as I was in the ball game."

"There was more hot air passed around out there than during a session of Congress," I answered. However, the gentleman from Mississippi failed to heed my facetious comment. He insisted on discussing the strategy of the game.

"I'd certainly like to be down there on the ball field where I could hear all the stuff that passes between players and umpires," said Senator Harrison. "While interested in all the happenings, I was more curious about that long conference that you and Mr. Egan held. I remarked to my neighbors that some real inside stuff was being pulled when two umpires conferred that long."

"You sure were right about the inside stuff, Mr. Harrison, when I conferred with Egan. That's just what it was."

To this day Senator Harrison, unless he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

reads this story, doesn't know that Egan and I were deciding on our evening meal while we held up the game at a most critical spot. It was "inside stuff," but not of the strategy variety.

But don't get the impression that brains play no part in baseball. Nine times out of ten the smart ball club, other things being anywhere near equal, triumphs. Also, there is no denying that the wise manager can get more out of his players than the "just ordinary" leader.

Brains, inside stuff, have a definite place in baseball. Give me the smart player every time. However, the point I am trying to make is that base hits are the most potent of all winning assets on the diamond. No matter how smart the manager may be, he cannot do the batting for his players.

Connie Mack, one of the greatest managers the game has ever known, was the first to introduce the before-the-game meetings in an effort to map out the best possible plan for taking the enemy into camp. For several years rival managers ridiculed the Mack idea, but today it has been adopted by every major league leader. Before each game the players get together in the clubhouse for a conference.

AT these meetings the strength and weakness of the opposition are discussed. Particular attention is paid to the batting strength of the opposing club. If the lead-off man is weak on a curve ball pitched low and inside, that fact is impressed upon the pitcher slated to work that afternoon. If the second man in the line-up murders a high ball pitched outside, the pitcher is warned to keep them out of his "groove." From top to bottom the manager picks to pieces the strength and weakness of each batter.

While the batters are perhaps given the most consideration, the probable pitching selection for the opposing club is also taken up. If he is a pitcher who is worried the moment a batter reaches first the manager suggests that every player who gets on take as big a lead as possible. If the pitcher is prone to keeping the ball low the players are instructed to wait him out, make him get the ball up, then pick on the "cripple." The "cripple," as I have said before, is a desperate attempt on the part of the pitcher to get the ball over, and usually he lets up on his stuff to turn the trick.

There is no doubt but that much wisdom is turned loose at these meetings. The greatest difficulty is properly to execute the plan that is daily mapped out. I regard Eddie Collins as one of the smartest players that ever

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Int. Photo

Ogden, the pitcher who figured in Harris' pennant-winning strategy in the deciding game of last year's World Series.

Jack Egan (below) is the umpire who joined Evans in a bit of "inside stuff" that didn't work out as intended.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

wore a baseball uniform. Several years ago, as the White Sox returned to the field after an unusually long session in the clubhouse, I remarked to Collins:

"Well, I suppose a lot of brain power has just been wasted in that meeting!" He laughed, and for a moment didn't offer to reply. Then, just when I considered the incident closed:

"You sure hit the nail on the head. These meetings are all right if the players carry out the instructions. However, that is another thing. Often after a pitcher is told not to pitch high and outside to a certain player he proceeds to do that very thing in the pinch, and the batter breaks up the ball game.

"Perhaps some of the players don't take the thing seriously; some simply forget, while others are just plain careless. Pitchers often lose control. They pitch the ball with the best intention and try to work on the batter's weakness, but instead they pitch to his strength. Those things must be regarded as a break of the game."

Among the baseball fraternity these before-the-game meetings are known as "skull practice." The manager is always referred to as "teacher."

There are tricks in all trades, and baseball is no exception to the rule. Often some phase of the game that may appear trivial to the spectator has a decided bearing on the result.

Take the final game of the 1924 World Series, for instance. Manager Harris gambled, and probably saved the game and the World Series by a single move.

About the middle of the season the Washington club, hard pressed for pitchers, refused to waive on Curley Ogden of the Athletics. The big fellow had always looked good against Washington, and the youthful leader of the Nationals decided the chance was worth the cost. Then, to the surprise of the baseball world, Ogden suddenly suffered a reversal of form. Unable to do anything for the Mackmen, he went out and won eight or nine games for Washington. Those victories, coming at the time they did, gave the Nationals a substantial boost toward the American League pennant.

It was a well-known fact in American League circles that Ogden was pitched out when the curtain was rung down and Washington had been returned the victor. During the last month of the race he had been of no use to Harris.

When the seventh game of the World Series rolled around, the deciding one of the series, Harris was up against it for pitchers. His two veteran southpaws, Mogridge and Zachary, had done more than was expected of them; big Marberry had responded heroically as relief pitcher; Johnson had given his best, but failed. The experts were as much at sea as to who would start the final game as was Harris. Mingled surprise and disappointment greeted the selection of Ogden.

However, Harris was thinking about the batting strength of the opposition, as well as his own pitching, when he selected the former Mackman. Bill Terry, a left-handed batter, substitute first baseman, had been a terror to the Washington pitchers in every game he played. Harris wanted to get Terry into the line-up, knowing McGraw would hold him in reserve as a pinch hitter if he started a southpaw against the Giants. As a matter of fact, George Mogridge was really the Washington pitching selection, but Harris used Ogden as a decoy for Terry.

WHEN Ogden was announced Terry was named in the Giants' line-up, just as Harris had hoped. Ogden pitched to only two batters. He struck out the first man to face him, and walked the second. He was then taken out, and Mogridge, who was ready to go, was sent in as relief.

Harris hoped that a situation would arise that would cause McGraw to take out Terry for a pinch hitter, since he knew that the moment Mogridge faltered it would be up to Marberry and Johnson, two right handers.

Again fate played kind to Harris. Terry was removed for a pinch hitter. Later in the game Marberry relieved Mogridge, then Johnson relieved Marberry. Had not Harris, by starting Ogden, drawn Terry into the game, Terry probably would have faced Johnson in several of the extra-inning pinches, in which some of the Giants failed miserably. Terry had taken liberties with both Marberry and Johnson, and had he been in the game at the finish the result might have been different. Here was one spot where strategy just about saved the day.

I doubt if there is a manager in baseball today who makes greater use of his reserve forces than John McGraw of the New York Giants. McGraw is a gambler. If he needs a run or two to tie the game he will yank a pitcher who is going at top speed for a pinch hitter, if he believes a base hit may put his club in the ball game. McGraw works on the theory that no matter how good the pitcher may be working, his efforts are of no avail unless his club picks up a run or two.

McGraw is truly a wonder at jockeying his players. One year he won a pennant with a pitching staff that didn't have more than one pitcher who figured to finish any time he started. The Giants won many a ball game that year in which they had three or four pitchers in the line-up.

That final game of the last World Series, better than any contest that has ever taken place in the annual classic, demonstrated that inside stuff plays a minor part in comparison with a timely wallop with a couple of runners on the bases. Twice in that final game a lucky bound

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

made a base hit out of what ordinarily should have been a rather easy out. Luck outwitted strategy and had something to spare.

During the last annual meeting of the major leagues in New York I had a long chat with Manager Stanley Harris. Naturally the World Series came up for discussion. Harris scoffed at the kindly words heaped upon him, smiled, and replied:

"The outstanding figure in the World Series was the Washington groundkeeper. He really is entitled to much of the credit for the win in the final game. Simply uncanny how he placed those two pebbles in exactly the right place on the two ground balls hit to Third Baseman Lindstrom. Those two pebbles made base hits out of what looked like certain outs. You simply can't overlook the strategy of our groundkeeper, Jim O'Day, in doping out the World Series."

And it was true. Two lucky bounds at the opportune moment wiped out all the superb pitching, hard hitting, and inside stuff that had been resorted to in the six previous games. Proving that one must not take the strategy of baseball too seriously if he would enjoy the national pastime.

That luck plays its part in more ways than one in baseball is well illustrated in a batting-out-of-order play in which the late Frank Chance once figured. A "bone" play made it possible for him to bat out of order, thereby winning the ball game, because no one discovered the mistake in time.

CHANCE, then managing New York, was playing St. Louis in that city. His club apparently badly beaten, Chance went in as pinch hitter in the first of the eighth, more as a mere formality than with hopes of winning. He hit safely, starting a rally. With seven runs needed to win, five across the plate, and two on the bases, it was the shortstop's turn to bat. He was a weak hitter.

Chance, who had batted for the pitcher and singled to start the inning and scored, went to third to coach. It was the shortstop's turn to bat, as he hit just ahead of the pitcher, but Chance was told he was up again. On his second appearance he again hit safely, driving in two runs and winning the ball game. After the inning was over the mistake was discovered, but too late.

Chance had won a ball game by batting out of turn. It so happened he really had no pinch hitter to replace the shortstop, having used up all his reserve strength, and the experts made a good story out of it by crediting Chance with purposely batting out of order, hoping he would get away with it. It sounded fine. Of course, he had no such intention. It was all a terrible mistake, but it won the ball game. Just before the contest the next day, Chance, as he gave me the batting order, called my attention to the fact that the shortstop was missing from the line-up.

"Any player who can't remember his turn at bat while his team is indulging in a seven-run rally has no right in the big league," said Chance. "He has played his last game for New York. I have asked waivers on him, and told everybody why. He probably has played his last game in the majors."

Sure enough, all the clubs waived, the player was sent to the minors, but only lasted out the season, then apparently dropped out of the baseball world.

WELL do I recall a story Jimmy McAleer once told me about the greatest catch he ever made. There were two out, runners on second and third at the time—the last of the ninth—and the home team trailing by one run. A base hit meant the ball game.

It so happened that McAleer was breaking in a new glove that day. He would use it in practice, but when the game started always went back to his old favorite. While in the field he noticed the extra glove was standing up, rather than lying flat on the ground, and he thought he could replace it before the next ball was pitched. As he started in toward the diamond on his way to do so the pitcher delivered the ball, and the batter hit a low line drive to center field. McAleer was several steps on his way, intending to knock down the glove, and noting the ball traveling straight toward him, he put on full speed. The result was a shoestring catch that saved the game. The three steps start had made the play possible.

Some of the newspaper men had noted McAleer starting in, prior to the pitch, and when he made the seemingly impossible catch, credited him with sensing where the ball would be hit and taking a long chance. Just the opposite was true. It was the greatest catch McAleer had ever made. But it was a lucky catch.

Base hits, the breaks in luck, are as important as the inside stuff, if not more so. In the future when you see players conferring or umpires going into session, you won't be far wrong if you make up your mind they are trying to dope out the evening meal, or something even less important.

In the seventh installment of this series, to appear in next week's issue, Mr. Evans will present an unusually interesting article on Colorful Umpires I Have Met, giving an entertaining close-up of some of the most famous arbiters in baseball history.

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MODISH hat of felt and straw. For late season wear it would be effective in felt and ribbon.

DAINTY Parisian hat of alternating bands of straw and ribbon in Mediterranean blue.

IT WAS the greatest treat I have had since my stay in America, and it was staged at a lovely restaurant on the Hudson, where you had a reminder of our national history in the sense that Grant's Tomb was not far away, and you were made acquainted with some of our national products through advertisements done in electricity on the other side of the water, while earnest little steamboats puffed up and down the river. The restaurant was packed, and so was all of the area round about it, with people watching for possible places, and with others in outer circles watching those who watched.

Suddenly, as if by a prearranged signal, an unoccupied table seemed literally to appear beside a prominent window inside the restaurant, and it was all set and ready. Outside the crowd parted to the same signal, which took the form of a luxurious roadster that drew up to the edge of the driveway, and it was of Mediterranean blue! The next instant a gentleman descended. Following him came a lady, who was dressed in full evening costume, just the shading of the car, and shining like the moonlit sea at Monte Carlo. Car and dress alike were of Mediterranean blue!

A good deal has come over the cables of late from the seat of all fashion on the importance of matching things exactly *comme il faut*. For a period of some two weeks scarfs were to match stockings, and just as we had practically assembled these articles, came another dictum that stockings should match in with all other accessories, while scarfs should contrast. But to us, a very young nation, came the experience of setting the final seal on the matching motif. To match your costuming to your car!

"Well, I think that's going some!" I gasped.

"Oh, that's not her car," said someone. "She hasn't any."

"To match your 'boy friend's' car, then—so much the more American and final," I said.

But the two were advancing down the lane of wondering eyes when somebody volunteered what I was sensing in the approach of this pale, pale lady with the carmine lips. Already she had thrown my companion into the state of quoting Eighteenth Century poetry, and he repeated The Pale-Faced Lady of the Black-Eyed Night. The moon, to be sure, was the heroine of that line, but it doesn't matter.

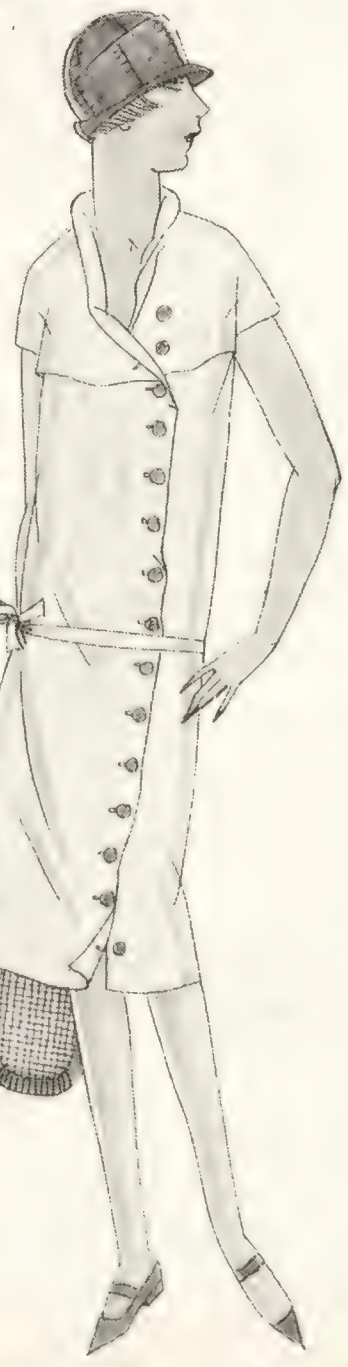
"She's not an American. She's a princess," somebody said.

She was covered with jewels and looked like one. An emerald the size of a quarter was on her wedding finger. The weather is too hot for pearls, and besides, sparkling cut stones are coming in again. No matter whether they are real. It's not the thing to look expensively jeweled, but decoratively. Strands of cool, clear emeralds wound around her neck. Leave your valuable gems in the bank.

But such a sense of luxury as she carried! They say some American women gave as their vocation to census takers that it is the pursuit of luxury. I fancy this woman could give them lessons in it. Others say their occupation is spending their husband's money. I fancy she can spend her pittance with more of an expert's extravagance and less of inexperienced waste than they.

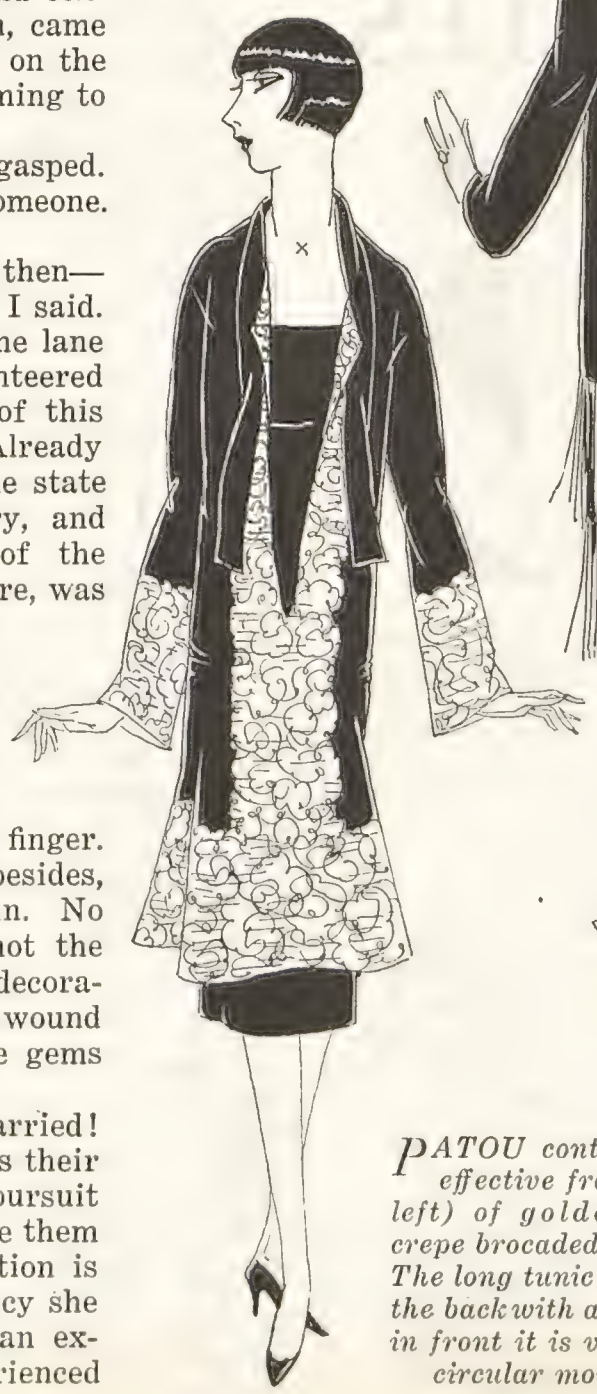
Some of the titled foreigners who have come to cast their lot with us are decorative to our good-looking assemblages. This one did not lower the tone of our fashions. All of us do not have friends with Mediterranean blue cars to dress up to, but her costuming carried a practical message, nevertheless. Although it represented full evening regalia, the skirt went almost to the knees, and it was heavily curtained with fringe. In fact, the latest word from Paris is that tons of fringe is being used there. The accompanying illustrations, direct from Paris, show one model featuring fringe, as well as other points of the *mode actuelle*.

THE stunning daytime costume at the left is of dark blue wool with touches of rose colored kasha. The underskirt is of kasha.



SMART sports frock of white tussor silk. An intriguing yoke which includes sleeves is loose from the bodice. Large pearl buttons enliven its appearance.

CHARMING afternoon gown of black crepe with the Jenny neck and artistically treated with heavy black silk fringe.



PATOU contributes an effective frock (at the left) of golden brown crepe brocaded with gold. The long tunic lies flat at the back with a belt, while in front it is varied by a circular movement.

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Quite as important as the attractiveness of outward appearance is the matter of personal daintiness.

An application of "Mum"—the delicate, long-lasting deodorant-cream—prevents the odor of perspiration and safeguards your perfect toilette.

("Mum" is so effective in neutralizing body odors—and so entirely safe—that physicians recommend its use with the sanitary napkin.)

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at stores, or see Special Offer Coupon.

(Men, too, use "Mum" for perspiration odor.)

Remove Unfashionable Hair

Low-necked gowns, sleeveless frocks, sheer waists—fashion decrees the removal of superfluous hair. Evans's Depilatory Outfit is the quick, easy, safe way. 75c at stores—or see Special Offer Coupon.

Special Offer Coupon

Mum Mfg. Co., 1123 Chestnut St., Phila.
Herewith ..... for offer checked.
☐ "Mum," 25c; ☐ "Amoray" Powder Perfume Talc, 25c; ☐ Evans's Depilatory Outfit, 75c; ☐ Both "Mum" and "Amoray," 40c.
All three, $1.25 worth, for $1 postpaid.

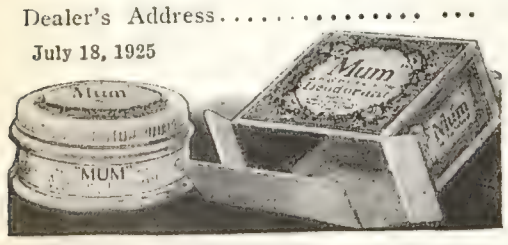
Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's Name .....

Dealer's Address.....

July 18, 1925



FRECKLES

Don't hide them with a Veil; Remove them with Othine—Double Strength.

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back proposition.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEASURING YOUR MIND

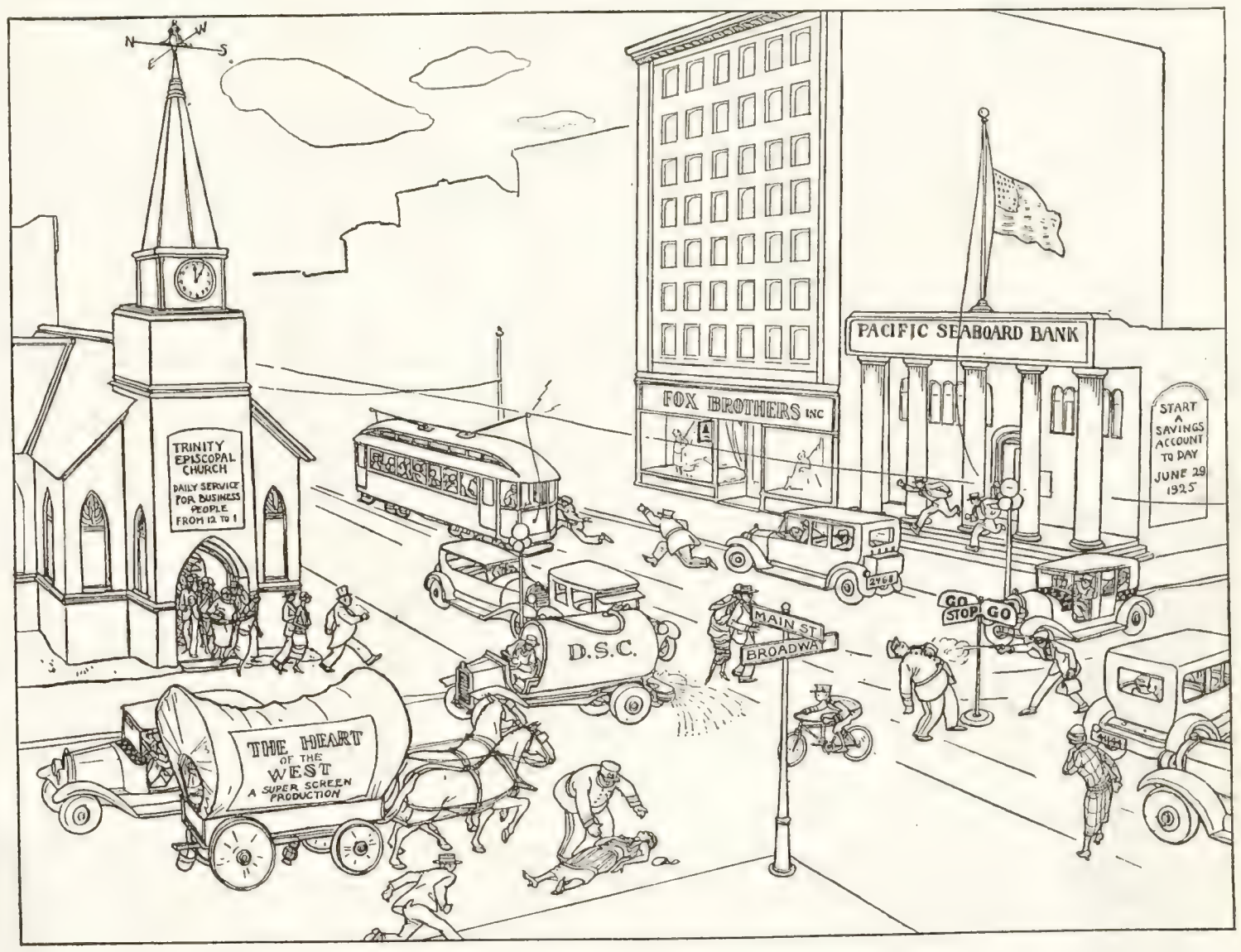
Seventh and Last of a Series of Easy Tests to Help You Estimate Your Brain Power

WOULD you be a success as a reporter or a detective? If you were called to the witness stand to testify to some such scene as is illustrated in the lively picture below, how many of the important details would you be able to recall? If you want to know how alert and retentive your brain is, spend ten minutes taking this quiz.

Let us suppose that you are in a window of the building on the northwest corner of the pictured crossing looking down over the street. Suddenly you hear a piercing scream and see three masked men come dashing down the steps from the bank. Then there is a shot and the whole street is plunged into a tumult. The bank has been robbed and someone has been shot.

From your position in the window you have been able to witness the scene better than those who are on the street. You volunteer your services as a witness. In the cross-examination, how many of the details of the scene would you recall?

Study the picture carefully for five minutes, observing all its important points. Then turn to page 43, where you will find thirty questions to answer. Do not look at the picture again after you have begun to answer the questions.



BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

That's Almost Too Bright!

Mother said: "Betty, you have disobeyed mother by racing around and making so much noise. Now you shan't have that piece of cake."

Her father (entering a few minutes later) asked her why she was so quiet. Betty replied:

"Daddy, I've been fined for speedin'."—L. M., Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

* * *

She Liked Preparedness

One day the little daughter of the house had been naughty, and her mother sent her to the closet to get a slipper with which to spank her.

"Are you goin' to 'pank me wif the toe or the he-e-el?" sobbed the child.

"With the heel, of course!" said the angry mother.

The child was gone for such a long time that the mother cried, "Here, here; hurry up! What is keeping you?"

"I'm lookin' for the th-th-lipper wif the th-thmallest he-e-el!" came from the depths of the closet.—E. C. M., Winchester, Mass.

* * *

Ladies Go to Front Door

A housewife in a Southern town ordered some lady fingers from the baker. Soon after, hearing a ring at her front door bell, she was much provoked to find a young negro boy porter at the door.

"Boy," exclaimed the irate housewife, "what do you mean by ringing my front door bell? Why didn't you take those things around to the back door?"

"Well, you see, missus," exclaimed the small darky, "dey is lady fingahs, so Ah thought Ah ought to bring 'em to de front do'."—W. M. P., Albany, Ga.

* * *

Not Missing Anything

Janet was invited to go to the beach with her aunt. "Now remember, dear," said her mother before they started, "if you get lost just hand this card with your name and address on it to a policeman."

All delightful details of the excursion went off as scheduled. Janet and her aunt were on their way home when Janet suddenly felt the card her mother had carefully put in her pocket. At the next street crossing she smilingly ran up to the busy traffic officer and, extending the card, said:

"Here's something my mamma sent you."—H. G. McC., New Brunswick, N. J.

Home *and* Sports Wear Patterns *in* Smart Styles

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

IN A season when prints are so bold, pastel tints so gay, and with an abundance of lace for trimming, it should be a simple task for every woman—especially the woman who finds pleasure in sewing at home—to have a well-balanced wardrobe. The styles shown here follow the trend of fashion and are so pretty for home or sports wear. In using these patterns there is the double advantage of combining economy with Parisian smartness.

A practical street frock is found in pattern No. 2436, which interprets a new note in button trimming. Plaid kasha, with contrast of silk crepe, for afternoon or sports wear is suggested. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material with 1¼ yards of 32-inch contrasting material are required.

An interesting type of jumper frock adds width to its hemline by insets at each side of center front. The patch pockets and the attractive boyish blouse make it especially suitable for sports wear. What could be smarter than a blue and white check tissue gingham jumper with a blue cotton broadcloth blouse? Pattern No. 2389 comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with 2¼ yards of 40-inch material for the blouse and 4 yards of binding, are required. Pattern for blouse is included.

Youthful, smart, and of boyish simplicity is this becoming frock of pink flat crepe, which boasts inverted box plaits at sides below hips. In powder blue linen, with trimming of white linen and a blue and white polka dot tie, would be very practical for pattern No. 2321, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 40-inch material, with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting material, are required.

A dress of quiet design, as well as being very simple to make, is designed in pattern No. 2058, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. This pattern cuts entirely in one piece. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 32- or 36-inch material, with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting, are required.

Both dignity and charm combine with practicality to make pattern No. 2421 popular. An interesting detail is the circular section set in at either side of front. Of georgette crepe with godets of lace which would give a decidedly youthful flare, and with vestee of lace and front and tiny sleeves embroidered, this frock would be outstandingly smart. Pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material, with ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting material, are required.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

PATTERN NO. SIZE PRICE

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NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

How to Stop the Bank

Will Safe-Blowers Soon Be Extinct? Here's An Ex-Crook Who Thinks So

THE author of this article is a widely known reformed bank burglar who operated successfully in various parts of the country for nearly fifteen years. He quit robbing several years ago and has since made a place for himself in business, though he still knows the underworld exceptionally well. Mr. Smith has merely helped him assemble his material for publication.

In the course of his article he uses some language whose meaning may not be altogether clear. This is yeggs' talk, and the following glossary will explain it:

DRILL-AND-POWDER BURGLAR — *Old type burglar who used a drill and black powder to blow open safes.*

GETAWAY — *Escape from scene of crime.*

KIESTER—*Small box within a safe or vault, supposedly burglar-proof.*

MARK—*A bank considered easy to crack.*

NITRO-MAN—*Burglar who used nitroglycerin instead of powder to blow open safes.*

SHOOT-OFF—*The actual work of blowing open a safe.*

SOUP—*A liquid compound explosive made by extracting nitroglycerin from dynamite.*

TORCH BURGLAR—*A burglar who uses an oxyacetylene blowpipe or torch to pierce a safe instead of using explosives.*

TRIM—*To victimize a person or make a clean getaway after a burglary.*

YEGG—*From the German word, jäger (pronounced yager), meaning hunter, or, broadly, scout.*

It was the Kid's last utterance. There came a flash and a frightful concussion.

THERE are just two general ways of fighting the yegg who burglarizes banks. One is to pursue him, catch him, and lock him away in prisons—the police method. The other is to forestall him by building safes and vaults or other defenses so strong that he cannot get into them—the mechanical method. The latter has always been the ideal way of doing the thing, but it has never yet been a complete success. It has always needed the support of police, man hunters, and prison wardens.

The modern "torch" burglars, who are beginning to infest the country and will become more numerous and menacing as time goes on, will have to be combated in both of these standard ways. New mechanical defenses against them are already being provided, and I shall tell about them presently. But they are not yet in use and cannot be generally adopted for a number of years.

Meantime the main defense against the most dangerous yeggs ever developed in this country will devolve upon the officers of the law. If these men are to succeed in this work they will have to learn a good deal about yeggmen they don't know today.

They will have to study the yegg as they never have before. They must know how the burglar works, how he plans, how he makes his escape, where he spends his time, and much more.

The best informed officers in the country were just becoming familiar with these facts as applied to the old nitroglycerin burglars when I left the field of crime, but conditions have changed greatly since then, and the police officer of today will have to add, to a general knowledge of the older kind, a lot of new information.

The yegg was always the most secretive of criminals. He had no confidants, he used as few accomplices as possible, he shunned women, and did not like to pal with other yeggs who were known to be married or to have permanent sweethearts.

He was among the first of crooks to desert the old hangouts and avoid other lawbreakers.

Burglar

By JOHN W. WILSON (Alias Carolina Jack) and EDWARD H. SMITH

That was how we learned that frozen dynamite mustn't be put into a fire.

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

His habits, his language, and everything about him tended to secrecy. When caught he never squealed or gave any illuminating information. As a result he was a puzzle for more than a generation. The most ludicrous mistakes were made about him and his crimes.

I remember the case of a postmaster in the South who had been trimmed by yeggs several times. Finally, after appealing to the Post Office Department officials at Washington, he was instructed to put the Federal funds into the local bank. This change hadn't been made more than a few weeks when we came along and burglarized the old bank, taking the post-office funds along with the other money.

Local officers and many citizens suspected someone in the post office, even the postmaster himself, of being in cahoots with us. That was a bad joke. The whole thing was a mere coincidence.

In another case a shipment of five thousand dollars in bills had just been made to a small bank in the West. The money arrived in the evening mail, after the bank had been closed, and was put into the post-office safe overnight. But before morning yeggs got into the post office and carried off the shipment, the regular cash, and the stamps. Once more there were all sorts of wild suspicions. The truth was that some poor yeggs had just been lucky.

This appearance of having had correct advance information, which often led to the suspicion of collusion or inside help, always has been characteristic of the work of yeggmen.

In order to explain how bank burglars get this information I must set forth the advance methods of these criminals, a matter which is of the utmost importance in the catching of burglars and the prevention of burglaries. Since these methods have not changed, I may as well tell how I myself worked.

WHEN I first became associated with yeggs I was a very young man—just a boy out of school, and doing my first tramping. I looked innocent and harmless, so my yegg teachers selected me to act as their scout.

In former days they had employed old, broken-down tramps to go into towns disguised as crippled pencil and shoestring vendors and get all the information they could.

Incidentally, it was these old scouts who were first called "yeggs," from the German word *Jäger*, pronounced yager, meaning hunter or scout. But the bankers and the police soon got wise to these old tramps, and the burglars had to make a change. That was where I and other young rascals came in.

I used to slip into any town where a good "mark" was reported, put up in a boarding house or a small hotel and spend a few days there. Either I was looking for a job, or I was a canvasser, salesman, advance agent, or something of the kind. All I needed was a good excuse.

I visited the bank for some plausible reason and saw the kind of safe or vault it had, whether there was a burglar alarm, what the internal arrangements were, and such points. Then I hung around town for some days and studied the nocturnal habits of the people. I wanted to know what time the town went to sleep, whether there was a night policeman, and whether anyone slept in or over or near the bank.

Next I studied the chances for the getaway. This was most important. I found out all about the railroad lines, the time freight and passenger trains went through, the junction points, and all that. I also studied the roads and the terrain round about the town.

Then I went my way and nothing happened for some weeks — long enough to give the townspeople a chance to forget all about me, in case any of them had observed my appearance.

Nothing was more obvious than that certain banks were robbed while others were not. In fact, many banks were looted again and again; while others, which had no better safes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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and more money in them, were not molested at all.

For instance, the Farmers State Bank in the little town of Shipshewana, Indiana, has been robbed nine times in twenty years by burglars. In 1921 it was broken into three times, on the last occasion by means of the oxyacetylene torch, after the bank had put in a manganese safe, which was proof against the old nitro men. Why was this bank blown so often?

I have never been in Shipshewana, but I can tell with absolute accuracy what factors decided the burglars there. The bank must be advantageously situated from the burglar's point of view, probably somewhat detached from other buildings or from any place where people sleep at night. This is the first consideration. Next, the town is also accessible and easy to get away from after the robbery. Finally, the town probably is not too far from Chicago or some other large city, where the burglars hang out and to which they can retreat after the crime.

THESE factors govern every burglary. Every banker should study his institution from these points of view, and so should all local officers. Precautions must be taken according to the location of the bank and the town.

The coming of the oxyacetylene torch will, naturally, make some changes in these considerations for the reason that it is silent. The burglar no longer needs to look for a detached building, where the sound of his explosions will not be heard. He can go into any bank with his noiseless torch. Consequently the considerations that will govern the burglar in the future will be the amount of mechanical protection in a bank, the quality of policing, and the chances of a getaway. Officers who know how to study and interpret these things will be able to do good preventive work.

Police officers who hope to combat the oncoming rush of yeggery should also know how the use of new tools and devices spreads in the underworld. Many well-intentioned people have asked me whether burglars do not get their ideas from reading stories and articles that tell too much. Bunk!

A burglar using technical tools has to learn his trade from someone else who already knows it, just as does a machinist or a plumber or a plasterer.

In the old days, when nitroglycerin was first being used successfully by yeggmen, the secret was in the hands of a few gangs in the Middle West. One of my old teachers in the East heard about it. He got on a train, went to Chicago, made some inquiries, looked up the soup burglars out that way, introduced himself, palled with them, and learned their game after a while. Then he returned East and formed his own gang, of which I later became a member.

Even the trick of extracting nitrogylcerin from sticks of dynamite had to be learned from someone who understood the process. Many a yegg tried to experiment with the process on his own and blew himself to the other land. Burglars traveled hundreds of miles to learn the secret from some expert in their world and to buy soup from some master extractor. Even these few men with wonderful reputations were not immune from disaster.

There was the Baltimore Kid. He had two reputations. Because he'd been grafting for many years without ever being sent away he was said to be the luckiest and cleverest yegg at large. In addition, he was known as an expert in extracting and handling soup. He had never had an accident. He led a charmed life and treated the deadly dynamite with contempt.

One winter not so many years ago there was a gathering of yeggs outside of Wilmington, Delaware, at which the Kid was going to make soup for the whole gang. A lot of dynamite sticks had been stolen from here and there, and the stuff was all ready in a deep clump of woods not far from the city.

The night before had been bitter cold, and everything was frozen stiff. Still we got together, built a big fire, and made ready with the old galvanized bucket in which the dynamite was to be dissolved in hot water.

The Kid arrived after a while, smiling and swaggering. He looked the dynamite over, stirred the assimilated mass with his foot, picked up several sticks, felt them, and tossed them down again with as little care as though he'd been handling candles. It made several of us nervous.

"Look out, you darn fool!" cried Denver Mike, an old-timer.

"Shut yer face!" commanded the Kid. "I know this stuff. Who do you think you're talkin' to?"

"All right, Kid, but be a little careful," Mike replied.

All this time I and two other nervous burglars were edging away, not anxious to get too close to the seat of trouble.

"Careful, my eye!" bragged the Kid. "Why, I'd just as soon stick a bar of this into the fire and light it."

The Kid knew, of course, that, ordinarily, dynamite will merely burn like celluloid if put into a flame. So did I, but I wasn't in favor of any experiments. I retreated a little farther. The Kid turned about and saw us getting out of range, which made him furious. His pride was hurt. Squatting there by the fire, he suddenly reached over, picked up a stick of dynamite, and tossed it into the flames.

"That's what I think of the old stuff," I heard him say as I dodged behind the nearest big tree.

It was the Kid's last utterance. There came a flash and a frightful concussion that threw me to the ground in spite of my sheltered place sixty or seventy feet away. When I got up and looked about the Kid and two others were not to be found except in fragments, and Denver Mike, who had started to run, had lost an arm and a foot. We took him to a hospital, where he recovered.

That was how we learned that frozen dynamite mustn't be put into a fire.

THE use of the various torch devices will spread among burglars and has been spreading among them in the same old way. One man who knows the art will teach another. The information will pass slowly from gang to gang and from one part of the country to another. There is a trick in using torches, a definite technique, which must be learned by experience. The torch itself is easy to get, the knowledge not so easy.

The complete and perfect answer to the new challenge of the bank burglar is an old one—a safe he cannot possibly beat. To make such a strongbox has become constantly more difficult, as the burglar has improved his tools.

In the old days of the drill-and-powder burglar all that was needed was a metal so hard it couldn't be drilled. But this was of no avail against nitroglycerin. When that explosive came into use the safemaker had to find a material at once so hard it couldn't be drilled and so tough it couldn't be broken with explosives. This was finally achieved in manganese steel.

Today the safemaker must have a metal too hard to drill, too tough to be blown with explosives, and, in addition, so resistant to heat that the torch cannot melt it. That's a big order. Literally hundreds of experiments and failures were recorded before anything answering this description could be found. It is now, however, available and is being rapidly adopted for safe and vault construction by many of the bigger banks.

The inventor of this new torchproof and burglarproof stuff is J. G. Donaldson, an experienced safe expert, some of whose tests and experiments I have witnessed. His metal is a combination or alloy the formula of which is secret. I have seen it heated with the most powerful torches and subjected to every possible attack without being more than scarred. Nothing else that can be used for safes has been able to stand up before such powerful attacks more than a very short time.

But although the resourceful American inventor, who sooner or later devises irresistible tools for the burglar and counters with impregnable defenses for the banker, seems to have met the present menace, he has not done so practically, for it will take from ten to fifteen years before the thirty-odd thousand banks in the United States can be equipped with new torch-resistant safes and vaults.

WHILE these new defenses are being provided the banker and the policeman will have to keep the burglar at bay by studying his methods and forestalling or capturing him. I have already indicated some things to expect of the yegg. The ways of meeting him suggest themselves. It has been said by some police officers and detectives that the coming of the torch has greatly altered the burglary problem through the introduction of the automobile. It is true, of course, that the burglar must use a motor car, truck, or wagon to move his heavy tanks of oxygen and acetylene to the scene of the burglary. Thus the yegg will no longer go touring about in box cars or on the brake beams of freight trains.

At the same time the influence of the motor car on bank burglary can easily be exaggerated. While the torch yegg probably always uses the automobile to go to the scene of his crime, it by no means follows that he also employs it in his getaways, though he may do so in some cases.

Bankers and officers will do well to remember that it is not practicable to make a getaway in automobiles if there is any pursuit. The car must keep to the roads, and is thus too easy to head off. For that reason the torch burglar is likely to effect his getaway just as my friends and I did in my day.

The burglar makes his attack, gets the money, leaves his tanks and other minor tools behind him, and beats it across country by the least convenient and most unexpected route. So the problem of capturing him is what it always was, with the possibility of the use of automobiles added.

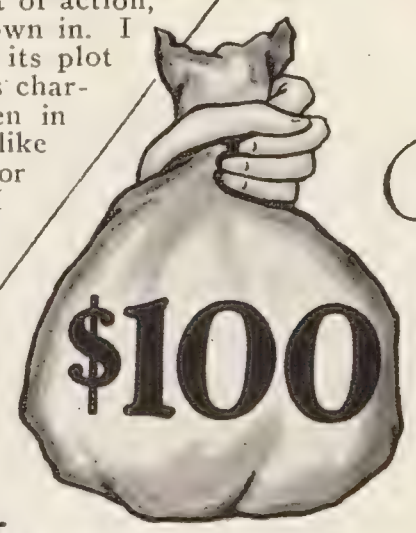
The moment a burglary is discovered the alarm must be sent by telephone and telegraph and radio into all directions, the most unpromising first. A complete circle must be drawn about the scene of the attack. Then the chances of capture will be excellent.

Another article about the methods of yeggmen, written by the reformed burglar, Carolina Jack, assisted by Mr. Smith, will appear in an early issue.

The First $100 Prize Winner!

Miss Ione Walker, of 4845 North Albany Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, has been awarded the prize of $100 by the judges of the contest for having submitted, in their opinion, the most interesting letter in connection with Ballot No. 1, published in the issue of June 13. The winning letter reads:

I greatly enjoy a story dealing with YOUNG LOVE, touched with a tinge of humor, backed with quite a bit of action, and with a little mystery thrown in. I prefer a story which unfolds its plot through the conversation of its characters rather than one written in narrative form. I do not like stories with sad endings, for when I lay the book down I have the feeling that something unfortunate has happened to me or to some of my friends. Neither do I like stories in which the characters are without faults.



Can you write a better letter? Try!

A New Contest Every Week

Open to Every Man, Woman, Boy, and Girl

Here Is How to Vote!

You can vote for (or against) a different type of story every week, but you can only vote for (or against) one kind of story in any one week. Most of us like—or dislike—several kinds of stories. Enter as many of the contests as you want to. We hope you will enter all of them. All ballots of this week's contest must be in Liberty's Chicago office by midnight, July 25.

You can use the ballot at the right, or, in place of putting a cross on the ballot and cutting it out of the magazine, you can write at the top of the separate sheet of paper, on which you write your opinion, what kind of story you are voting for (or against)—like this: "I am voting for Stories of Young Love."

$100 Must Be Won Next Week

Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story Contest

$1.00 A WORD

FOR 100 WORDS!

WHAT kind of stories do you like to read? Do you like stories of Adventure, Mystery, Love, War, Business, Sports, Married Life? Note the sixteen kinds of stories listed in the coupon. Is your favorite among them? Or is there a type of story there that you do not like? We wish you would tell us in a letter of not more than one hundred words. For the best letter Liberty will pay one hundred dollars.

While the judges are busy selecting the story and synopsis which will be awarded the $50,000 in the prize story contest, Liberty has inaugurated this interesting contest to learn what its readers prefer to read. Your letter may be the best. You do not have to be a clever writer. Only your opinion is wanted. Tell it in your own way. All letters will receive equal consideration. You may write with pen and ink, pencil, or a typewriter. Write on one side of the paper only. The contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families. You do not have to be a subscriber to win. Fill out and mail the coupon at once!

This Ballot May Be Worth $100 to You. Mail It Today!

LIBERTY'S $50,000 PRIZE STORY
BALLOT No. 6

NOTE: Tear out this ballot, place a cross opposite the type of story you do (or do not) like, and tell why you do (or do not) like it, in not more than one hundred words, on a separate sheet of paper. Send to

"BALLOTS," CARE OF LIBERTY, POST-OFFICE BOX 1123, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

$100.00 WILL BE PAID EACH WEEK FOR THE BEST ANSWER

- ☐ *Sea Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Small-Town Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Tropics*
- ☐ *Stories of Young Love*
- ☐ *Mystery Stories*
- ☐ *Adventure Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of the North Woods*
- ☐ *Stories of the Orient*
- ☐ *Detective Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of the Early West*
- ☐ *War Stories*
- ☐ *Historical Stories*
- ☐ *Humorous Stories*
- ☐ *Business Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Married Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Sports*

NAME .....

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CITY ..... STATE .....

(Issue of July 18)

Measuring Your Mind

Here Are the Questions to Be Answered After You Have Studied the Picture on Page 38

1. At what street crossing did the robbery take place?
2. What day was it?
3. What time was it?
4. Were there more than three people on the street at this time?
5. Which way was the traffic open — north-south or east-west?
6. Who was shot?
7. Where was he standing?
8. How many policemen were on the scene?
9. Locate them.
10. Locate each of the robbers.
11. Were any of the robbers being chased?
12. What was the number of the limousine license in front of the bank building?
13. Was there a flag in the picture?
14. If there was, was it at half or full mast?
15. Was anyone coming out of church? If so, why?
16. How many passenger automobiles were in sight?
17. What was the name of the motion picture advertised by the covered wagon?
18. Had anybody fainted?
19. Where was the nearest telephone?
20. What was the name of the bank which had been robbed?
21. What was the denomination of the church on the corner?
22. Were any taxis in sight?
23. What was the name of the department store in the picture?
24. How many stories high was the department store?
25. Was anyone wearing a high hat?
26. How many persons were on the bank steps?
27. Was there a chauffeur in the limousine parked in front of the bank building?
28. How many columns were there in the facade of the bank building?
29. Was there any kind of public service wagon on the street? If so, what kind?
30. Were the robbers wearing hats or caps?

GRADING INSTRUCTIONS

By turning back to the picture and checking up on your answers you will be able to ascertain how many of them are correct.

25 to 30 correct answers. Excellent
15 to 25 correct answers. Good
10 to 15 correct answers. Average
5 to 10 correct answers. Below av.
0 to 5 correct answers. Poor

Madame JUDAS

An Exciting Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery

By

Margaret Turnbull

Pictures by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"*I'd far rather have faced a loaded gun than that man, but I went toward him. It was Gilbert — Gilbert Eliot!*"

Who's Who *in the* Eighth Installment

ANDREW DICKERSON, *attorney, is defending*

DR. GILBERT ELIOT, *young physician of Willett's Bridge, Pennsylvania, who is being tried on the charge of having killed his employer,*

DR. CHARLES FAIRLIE, *with arsenic. Doctor Eliot's supposed motive was love for*

LAURA FAIRLIE, *Doctor Fairlie's charming bride from Connecticut. Laura's efforts to have Doctor Eliot punished are opposed by*

EVE HAMILTON, *a wealthy, charming orphan. Eve, believing in Doctor Eliot's innocence, asks*

JULIET JACKSON, *a keen-witted reporter, to help discredit the testimony which*

TOM JERNAY, *district attorney, obtains from Laura. Laura implies that Doctor Eliot prepared all medicines given Doctor Fairlie for a supposed attack of ptomaine poisoning and that Doctor Fairlie loved Eve. Jernay next calls*

HILDA SWENSON, *a servant in the Fairlie home. Hilda surprises everyone by testifying that*

LUIS RAMON, *a Spanish chauffeur whom Doctor Fairlie had hired shortly before his death, and who cannot now be found, had given Doctor Fairlie "white medicine" in brandy. She adds that Mrs. Fairlie, when offered a bromide by Doctor Eliot, had smashed the bottle, and that Ramon had disposed of the fragments, together with Mrs. Fairlie's cat, which had died mysteriously. That evening Eliot's friends, including*

BILL DAVIS, *an architect, meet at Eve's for dinner. The party ends when*

SAM SANDS, *Doctor Fairlie's former chauffeur, is brought in, his skull fractured by a blow. Next morning Dickerson, on cross-examination, forces Laura to corroborate Hilda's story. Laura insists, however, that Ramon acted "on Doctor Eliot's orders." That evening, during a dance given by Eve at Juliet's request, Juliet and Bill Davis steal away in Bill's car. Pretending to be lost on a drunken joy ride, they turn into the Fairlie grounds and see someone in the supposedly vacant garage. Meanwhile Eve, taking Dickerson to the terrace, tells him that on her way to the Fairlie home the night Doctor Fairlie was taken ill, she had been kissed in the dark by an unknown man, and that something more extraordinary had happened later in the night.*

WHEN Eve announced to Andrew Dickerson that her startling experience—being kissed in the dark, by an unknown man—had an equally inexplicable sequel, Dickerson gave her a quick, keen glance. Was she neurotic, after all, this big, handsome creature? Was she given to "imagining things"?

Eve's face dispelled that dread. But though they had not been on the terrace long, in point of time, Andrew Dickerson had begun to feel that this evening was long in experience, and he had much to do before tomorrow's court.

He glanced at her again. He felt worn, tired, consumed with a desire to take this girl, with her stubborn pride and will, and—what was it he wanted to do? Break her or remold her nearer to his heart's desire?

"I told you," Eve said quietly, "that I went back to Doctor Charlie's house with Gilbert Eliot when he was telephoned to return immediately, because Charlie was very ill. It was a little difficult to do, but I knew Laura was not a nurse, and hated sickness, and I—I'd had experience when father and mother were ill, and I'm rather good at Red Cross work, so despite everybody's advice, I went back with Gilbert and stayed all night. Most of my time was spent with Laura when she had hysterics.

"About three in the morning I was still with Laura, and she had dropped off to sleep. Gilbert was with Doctor Charlie, you remember, and the lights in the hall had been put out so that they would not shine through Doctor Charlie's transom and annoy him. He had complained of his eyes hurting.

"Gilbert had told me to report to the office

in a little while, when I had last seen him. It was half past three, I judged. He had said in about an hour. It was cold in Laura's room, with the window open to give her air, and I had thrown around me one of her dressing gowns —a yellow silk thing with wadded lining and trimmed with fur. It—it must have looked stunning on her. It was the thing to set off her unbelievable beauty."

ANDREW DICKERSON nodded again, with a quick glance at this woman who gave her enemy her due.

"Well, things do not look very entrancing at three o'clock and more in the morning, with a very sick man in the house, the dark cold outside, and a wind moaning in the cedars.

"I had just risen to go, assuring myself that Laura was asleep, and had my hand on the door handle, when there came a light tap on the door. The handle turned. I opened the door—and for the second time that night I stepped right into a man's arms and had a man's lips against mine before I could make a sound.

"He said something close against my ear, and hoarse with feeling, whether fear, or anxiety, or—or passion—I don't know. It sounded something like, 'It is all to do over again.' I did not recognize the voice, but that might have been because of his agitation, and mine."

She made a quick gesture.

"I don't expect you to believe me, but it flashed across my mind that I must not make a sound to disturb Charlie—equally that Laura must not be roused. For Laura roused had no—no reticence, and Charlie's dangerous state would not have restrained her. My one thought was to slip back into the room without speaking, for if I spoke the man would know that I was not the woman he thought I was, and I felt——"

She stopped and looked up at Dickerson. "Oh, try to imagine how I felt. I must find out who he was, and what was 'to do over again' before they or he did it. You see," she stammered, as Andrew drew his brows together, sternly, "I—I thought Laura and Gilbert might be planning to run away together, and that Doctor Charlie's illness had—had spoiled their plans."

SHE stopped, and Andrew Dickerson surveyed her, with again that almost uncontrollable desire to shake her or beat her surging through him. Of all the independent, high-handed, lovely young meddlers! And how she must have cared for Gilbert Eliot!

"Quick!" he told her roughly. "They're beginning to dance again, and they'll be out here in a moment."

"I—well, I kissed him back again, so that he would think I was —whoever he thought I was, and put my hand across his mouth for silence and slipped back—into Laura's room.

"Then I waited, with my hand on the handle of the door, so that whoever he was he could not enter, even if he tried, and while I held it with one hand I slipped the dressing gown off and made ready to go out into the hall. You see, I thought that if I came out as myself I could catch the man at the end of the hall—it was a long one. I thought that when he saw me he would guess that it was because of me the woman he thought he had kissed had put her fingers across his mouth."

"Good God! Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"Oh, can't you understand why? I opened the door and came out into the hall, and thought at first the hall was empty, but then gradually I became aware of a man waiting at the end of the hall, leaning against the window there, half hidden by the window curtains. I'd rather—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

far rather have faced a loaded gun than that man, but I went toward him, and when I was close to him the light from the stair-well showed me dimly his face, and he spoke to me. It was Gilbert—Gilbert Eliot!"

He realized then, as she turned to him, the doubt and anguish in her eyes. She was trembling, and now he knew how greatly she was afraid for Gilbert Eliot. This was why she had not told him before. She was waiting—waiting until he had taken the case, committed himself.

No, there was more than that in her eyes. She was begging him, without speech, not to believe—what her eyes had seen. In another moment, as the music crashed out and the dancers began to cross the tiled hall and come through the windows, she had come close to him, laid her hand on his arm, and there were tears in the proud eyes as she whispered:

"Don't believe it! Don't let yourself believe it! I tell you—though I found him there, I don't believe—he *was* Gilbert!"

The tears were on her eyelashes. They were beginning to fall. It was fascinating. He had not believed she could look like that. Though it was all for Gilbert Eliot, he put his arm about her, without a word, so that she might hide her tears against his shoulder, and he began winding in and out among the dancers to music that sounded to him like the savage drums of fate.

II.

WHEN Andrew Dickerson entered the courtroom the next morning his face was paler than usual. This would have led a close student of physiognomy to conjecture that Andrew, being of the order of those who grow pale and not red with anger, was in a fierce, though smothered, rage. He was. His temper was at boiling point. He had not waited for his client, but was striding into the courtroom, when Juliet Jackson stepped in his path.

"A word, Andrew."

He halted and looked at her.

"In no pleasant mood, and I don't wonder," Juliet observed, shrewdly, "but if you could stroll out under the trees for an instant with me it might relieve both our minds."

Silently Andrew wheeled with her and went down the steps.

When they had turned aside and walked slowly across the grassy square toward the memorial fountain and out of earshot of the mob that swarmed up the steps, Juliet, with a quick look about her, spoke:

"Andrew, did you dig up the 'joke' cat last night?"

"No," Andrew Dickerson answered in the tone in which he usually cursed. "There was no cat."

Juliet stared, then surveyed him oddly.

"What makes you say that?"

"Because I sent a man to Elmgrove Place, early this morning, to exhume the beast, and he couldn't find it, or any trace of it. It was a joke, after all."

"Of course he couldn't find it. It was dug up and disposed of last night."

Andrew stared in his turn. "How do you know?"

"Saw it being done," Juliet told him. "When I went—turned into Elmgrove Place last night—by mistake," she added, quickly. But Andrew was no longer listening to her.

"Who?" he began.

"That's what I don't know yet," Juliet said, "and I would very much like to. I hoped it was your man, but you say you sent him this morning."

"This morning," Andrew reiterated.

"Leave it to me, Andrew, till I see what I can do."

He nodded and turned with her toward the courthouse.

"Has Sam, the man in the hospital, been allowed to talk yet?" she asked, suddenly.

Andrew shook his head. "No, not yet. Not even to Eve Hamilton. She's going there—to the hospital—tomorrow, after I'm through with her here." And he waved his hand toward the courtroom.

"I'll go with her," Juliet promised. "You put her on today?"

"Yes, and I wish to God I didn't have to. The prosecutor has his knife sharpened and out."

Juliet looked at him shrewdly. "What's happened, if it can be told now? I know you've had Eve and a notary public in your office for the last half hour. I admit I'm curious."

"Can't tell you," Andrew answered, crisply, "anything more than that Eve Hamilton is a dangerous witness for our side."

"If she tells the whole truth?"

"If she tells the whole truth as she knows it."

There was a pause while Juliet digested this difference, and then she asked, "Whose fault is that, I wonder? Yours or theirs?"

"I'll answer that when you tell me why Gilbert Eliot, as Doctor Charlie's heir, refused to permit me on the premises to exhume the cat. Had to go over his head to get permission. Why?"

"Because he's a devoted fool—or lover, which is synonymous," Juliet said, with a sigh. "Why should he aid you against the woman he loves—or did love?"

"Eve?"

"Mercy, no! All the world isn't in love with Eve—because you are."

Andrew Dickerson turned on her angrily.

"Oh, don't stoop to quarrel with me about it," Juliet told him, easily. "You gave yourself away—to me—completely several days ago, though Eve, the darling fool, hasn't the slightest inkling of it." She paused, considering. "I'd keep the damning fact from her, if I were you. At least until after the trial. Gilbert Eliot's the only man she thinks of nowadays."

"OH, damn women!" Andrew said, wearily. "Stick to the case."

"I am," Juliet told him. "I'm trying to get it through your remarkably thick skull that Gilbert Eliot had a passion, and still has, for all I know, for this Laura Fairlie. And Gilbert's holding back all he can from you because he either knows or suspects something about her—the Fairlie woman."

"Yes," Andrew agreed, with an appreciative look at the shrewd little person beside him. "He knows something he's afraid I'll find out."

"Did *she* murder Doctor Charlie?" Juliet asked it calmly.

Andrew Dickerson looked at her, as if it was a relief to hear it put in words. "I'm damned if I know."

"Was Gilbert her accomplice, willing or unwilling?"

"Witting or unwitting would be the better way to put it, Ferret, and, at that, you can't expect me to admit any degree of guilt in my client."

"Of course not," Juliet agreed, quite unabashed. "It was a foolish question. But it'll bear thinking over, Andrew."

As they mounted the steps Andrew put a hand lightly on the tiny Juliet's shoulders and said, "Thanks. You have a tonic effect on a tired man."

"Woman's work," Juliet answered, with an odd grimace, and preceded him into the crowded courtroom.

Though the Hamilton ancestors might turn in their graves to know it, Eve walked to the witness stand with a feeling of relief.

The dread of it had hung about her so long that she was eager to get it over, and forgot, for the time being, what an ordeal it was.

Andrew Dickerson began by asking Eve's name and all the usual formulæ: who she was; how she had known Doctor Charlie from his boyhood; how she had gladly arranged his house for his bride; her walk over to see his wife the night he was taken ill. Here came the first interruption to her narrative, and Eve was astonished, remembering Andrew Dickerson's promise, for when she went on to say that she reached Elmgrove Place and named the people who were there when she entered, he stopped her:

"One moment, Miss Hamilton. Did you pass anyone on your way to the house?"

THEN Eve knew that even ridicule would have to be faced, and she felt hotly angry at Andrew Dickerson. Surely he might have spared her this.

"No one on the road, but there was a man in the shadow of the cedars, at the beginning of what is known as 'Lovers' Lane.'"

"Did you see him?"

"No, but I heard and felt him. He evidently mistook me for his sweetheart."

"Did he call this—sweetheart by name?"

"It might have been a name he murmured, but I did not plainly hear what it was."

"Did you know the man?"

"No. I didn't see him."

"That was the only person you passed on the road?"

"The only person."

"What happened when you arrived at the doctor's house? As briefly as you can, please."

With relief, Eve realized that she had done Andrew Dickerson an injustice. He had simply planted the fact that she had met someone in order that he might use it again, if he had need. Eve told how she had found Luis Ramon polishing the lamp at the door, and Mrs. Fairlie alone, but that presently they had been joined by Doctor Eliot.

After the usual exchange of civilities and inquiries as to the doctor's health, she had asked Mrs. Fairlie, who had been dressed to go, as she said, to Hamilton House, to walk home with her. Mrs. Fairlie had declined, saying that she could not now, as she wanted to be home when the doctor arrived, but that Doctor Eliot would take Eve home.

Doctor Eliot had agreed, but had gone into the office first to answer a telephone call, and had come out angry at having found the medicine cabinet open. Mrs. Fairlie had made light of the matter, suggesting that possibly he had forgotten to close it himself.

At this Doctor Eliot had been justly indignant, and later when Luis Ramon came into the room for final orders he was questioned and admitted that he had been sent to the medicine cabinet to get salve for the grandmother of one of Doctor Charlie's patients.

Eve went on to tell, under Andrew Dickerson's guidance, of the call over the telephone for Doctor Eliot, and her return with him in Mr. Davis' car. Mr. Davis had not been at her house. They had met him on the road on their way to Doctor Charlie's. She had remained all night at the Fairlies' house, owing to Mrs. Fairlie's hysterical condition and the inability of Doctor Eliot to secure a nurse

"I opened the door —and for the second time that night I stepped right into a man's arms and had a man's lips against mine before I could make a sound."

because of the unusual amount of sickness in their village and in Hillsborough.

Evenly Andrew Dickerson led her along the path of remembrance, so that Eve told the truth as it presented itself to her eyes without hesitation, with a conviction that fastened the jurors' attention to her testimony, with a frankness that she herself had not believed possible.

Suddenly Eve jerked herself upright, her eyes fixed on Andrew Dickerson, who was resolutely asking questions which would inevitably bring about Eve's admission that she had met a man outside Laura Fairlie's door that night after midnight. Eve was frozen with fear, even while she wondered if Andrew Dickerson intended to have her lie about it. She could not and would not believe that. Given Andrew Dickerson, it was impossible. He might wish to ignore it, but he would never expect her to conceal it.

Besides, he was probing for something; if it was the fact Eve thought she must conceal, how would the rest of her testimony be regarded by the jury if she hid this damaging bit? Her faced flushed. She realized suddenly that she had done Andrew Dickerson a second injustice. He was not hiding anything. He was clearing the way for the truth, so that the prosecution might have no cause to assume there was anything he wished to withhold from them.

EVE took courage at the thought, and in answer to Andrew's next questions as to whether she remained alone with Mrs. Fairlie for the rest of the night, described briefly her encounter with a man at the door, who mistook her for Mrs. Fairlie and said something about "It is all to do over again." Eve went on to state that she, fearful of waking Mrs. Fairlie or Doctor Charlie by any disturbance or conversation in the hall, had not said anything, but had slipped back into the bedroom to see if Mrs. Fairlie had stirred.

She had described everything but the kiss, and to her surprise noted that the sensation this testimony caused was not confined to Laura Fairlie and the district attorney, though they were both astonished and agitated; but that what she had said disturbed the whole audience and the jury.

As for Gilbert Eliot, he had had his eyes fastened on her face for most of the time, but she had tried not to look at him, as under Andrew's quick and telling questioning she had admitted that she did not see the man, and could not tell who he was. She admitted, however, when questioned, that to her knowledge and belief, aside from the sick man, the only men in the house then were Doctor Eliot and Luis Ramon, the chauffeur.

The mention of Luis Ramon in this connection caused glances in Mrs. Fairlie's direction that were more curious than friendly.

Andrew Dickerson made no effort to connect either his client or the servant with this man at the door. It was clear to Eve that unless he asked her point-blank she need not tell her own suspicions. He was, however, especially anxious to know if Eve had not distinguished the voice, or recognized it. But Eve steadily asserted that the voice was indistinguishable, unrecognizable to her, because the whisper had been so hoarse, so full of passionate disappointment, and so low that it was hardly understandable.

Thus, gradually, they reached the scene of Laura Fairlie's hysteria, and here Andrew Dickerson made Eve describe minutely Mrs. Fairlie's appearance, and finally the breaking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

of the bottle of bromide, and Mrs. Fairlie's accusation of the doctor, as Hilda had already given it.

Eve could see and feel that her corroboration of Hilda's statement made a great impression. Mrs. Fairlie's fear of the bromide, and her accusation were indeed inexplicable to those who heard it now reaffirmed, unless she had had some acute suspicion, if not knowledge, that her husband's death was not natural or accidental. Eve tried very hard to hold herself down to bare facts, and she was weary long before Andrew Dickerson finished the direct examination and the recess for luncheon was declared.

Andrew Dickerson pointedly avoided her, but Juliet swept to her rescue, told her she was a model witness, and saw that she was properly fed and rested, before she went back to the courtroom to face the cross-examination.

EVE felt that when she was an old woman she would feel the blood surge to her face at the thought of that cross-examination. There was nothing in all Eve Hamilton's life in Willett's Bridge that Tom Jernay did not try to twist out of its original meaning and make into something scandalous.

Eve's friendship with Doctor Charlie began to take on the nature of something very like a liaison. Of course, Tom Jernay did not use the word, for Eve Hamilton's standing in the community made him a trifle cautious, and as yet he did not know just how the jury would take such an attack. He put his sly questions in language which made each an insult more or less concealed. Eve, holding tightly to her own temper, could see Andrew Dickerson turn in his chair and look steadily at his opponent, and once Gilbert Eliot rose up, and then sank back again helplessly, realizing that he could do nothing, and that a brawl in the courtroom would only make matters worse for Eve.

Then, before Andrew Dickerson, who had leaped to his feet now, protesting, could fully voice his wrath, the judge interfered. After rapping for order, he looked about the courtroom, and as it turned to him, listening, waiting, silent, he said:

"We are not trying Miss Hamilton, nor does this State nor its laws warrant an attack upon a woman's life and character simply because she has become a witness in a case at law. Confine your cross-examination to the facts Miss Hamilton has given in her direct examination, facts upon which she has already given us clear-cut and valuable testimony."

There was a little ripple of applause, hastily stilled by the judge's rapping for order, and then, before the counsel could speak, Eve said, in a clear, low voice, which betrayed how deeply she had been hurt and shamed:

"With the court's permission, I will answer the gentleman's question, outrageous as it is, and save time and further questions as to my relations with Dr. Charles Fairlie. Though some years older, Doctor Fairlie had always been my friend and companion, from my earliest childhood. He did me the honor to ask me to be his wife, some years ago, when I first returned to Willett's Bridge from school. I refused to marry him.

"Later, on my return from a trip abroad, he again asked me to marry him, and again I refused. I frequently begged him to marry. I was proud when he asked me to see that his home was set in order for his bride. I was his oldest friend, and I wanted him to be—happy. All our lives our relations have been simply those of a man and woman who have a strong and blameless friendship, continuing, in spite of change and marriage, as long as life lasts. The night before he died, Doctor Charlie told me I was his dearest friend, and thanked me for my friendship. My life is poorer without him. That is the whole truth."

When the applause died down the prosecuting attorney bowed to Eve, and addressing her directly, said:

"Thank you, Miss Hamilton, and I would have you bear in mind that if I have seemed to err in putting these questions, it was simply because this case is a puzzling one, and I am anxious to see justice done."

BUT his tardy apology did little to set him right with his jury, and Jernay had the annoyed feeling that the result of his questions had not been what he expected.

"That being the case," Jernay went on, briskly, "I will now ask you to tell me whether you had any suspicion that the man whom you encountered under the cedars and the mysterious man you met in the hall"—his sneer was now obvious—"when it was also too conveniently dark to see him, were the same?"

Eve looked at him directly, and thought a moment before answering.

"I have a strong feeling that they were, but I have nothing tangible to go on. I did not, conveniently or not, see the man, in either case, well enough to be sure of anything but that he was tall and strong, and that description might apply to both men in the house at that moment who would be apt to be in the hall."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning Dr. Gilbert Eliot and the chauffeur, Luis Ramon."

Eve saw Gilbert Eliot start and look at her as though for the first time now he realized that she had thought of him in this connection—or was it a guilty start? That moment when a man knows that what has been secret and hidden must face the light?

To Eve's great and intense thankfulness the prosecuting attorney, evidently unable to follow further that thread to his own advantage, since he had not as yet produced the witness Ramon, left it, and came to the bromide and Laura's hysterics.

Patiently, while she answered his abrupt, searching questions, Eve endeavored, without unfairness, to let the jury and judge see just what impression the hysterics and Laura's actions and speeches had created in her mind. It was not easily done, for the prosecuting attorney was determined to keep her from speaking about Mrs. Fairlie; but when she described Laura's horror of the bromide and her deliberate breaking of the bottle and destruction of its contents, Eve could tell that she had made some impression on the jurymen.

THE district attorney was angry. He tried by one question after another, hurled at her, shot at her, to make her change her statement by even the slightest degree as to the words she had heard at the door, which she could now see had fully the value of the bromide episode, and indeed by every means in his power, tried to make her show a vulnerable spot. It was his purpose to strike there and bring down the wall of truth she had erected.

Eve never knew how she came through it without crumpling up and being carried from the stand. She knew now, when she read of "third degree" examinations, she would understand and feel with the prisoner as she had never before been able to. If she had been the criminal, Eve felt, she would have betrayed herself surely; but, having nothing to hide, she had nothing to betray.

Abruptly the district attorney, himself at his wit's end because he had not been able to use this witness as he had hoped, flung a question at her, a question that had seemed inevitable to Andrew Dickerson from the first:

"When you opened the door again—after leaving this mysterious visitor at Mrs. Fairlie's door—did you see anyone in the hall?"

It had come. Eve's heart pounded, it seemed to her, so loudly that the whole court must hear it. She felt a sudden nausea as she realized that all her testimony would count as nothing beside the damning truth of her answer.

Did Eve's testimony end by rendering Gilbert Eliot's case hopeless, and starting him on the way to the electric chair? You'll learn in the ninth installment, in next week's issue.

Millions on the Little White Ball! What's Happening to the Royal and Ancient Game?

GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

IT was not until the gamblers themselves began to learn golf that they seized upon it as a means of making money.

GOLF GAMBLING

By HUGH FULLERTON

Picture by
GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

SPORTS, physical contests between men or animals, which should develop the highest type of sportsmanship, have, from the dawn of time, been cursed because their corollary has been gambling.

Gambling as an institution is more active in the United States now than ever. Except on bridge, gambling on cards has declined quickly. Faro, which was known as "the gambler's game," and even draw poker, are not heavy gambling games any more. The style in gambling has changed, but betting on sports is in record-breaking figures.

The four big gambling games of the United States now, in amount of money, are horse racing, golf, baseball, and football.

Although football, considering its short season, formerly was one of the heaviest betting games, and one absolutely beyond suspicion, there has been a large decline in the volume of betting in that sport. This is due to the fact that the ethics of the great majority of the college men have changed it. It no longer is considered a mark of college loyalty to bet on the team. They have learned that such betting is harmful to the players and college men regard the practice as muckerish.

Baseball, with the tremendous pools gathering in the dimes and quarters of clerks and others, is scarcely to be dignified with the word "gambling," as it is simply sure-thing swindling, the prizes seldom amounting to ten per cent of the total pools. But the tremendous scope of such pools makes it take third rank in amount of money gambled—if it may be called by such a term.

Horse race gambling, of course, leads all other forms in the world. There are in the New York district, it is estimated, more than four thousand poolrooms or places where bets can be made, and in Chicago more than five hundred.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that golf, the "gentleman's game," according to the "high hats" of the United States Golf Association, now ranks second in volume of betting among all the games.

Ordinarily it is safe to say that any sport which requires a bet to give it interest and thrill is not worth much—but this does not appear to apply to golf.

Yet it is doubtful whether one pair of golfers in a hundred in the United States, except in tournaments, goes out to play without having a bet on the match. With an average of more than half a million matches played every day from March to November, and one-fourth of that number every remaining day of the year, the gambling on those matches alone runs into tremendous figures.

But in volume of betting by outsiders and followers of the game the big tournaments each year run into dazzling figures.

Golfers assert the heaviest betting on golf was at one of the earlier amateur championships at the Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Illinois. Bets of ten thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars each were registered literally by dozens, and it was estimated that half a million dollars was wagered on the day of the finals at the club alone.

The other heavy betting event in American golf history was at the Engineers' Club, Chicago, when Chick Evans emerged victor over Francis Ouimet. It was East against West in that event, and the wagers of huge sums were recorded so rapidly it was hard to follow them.

It was not, however, until the gamblers themselves began to learn golf that they seized upon it as a means of making money. So long

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Read

Kid Los Angeles
vs. Battling Frisco
By Frank Condon

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

as the betting was between millionaires or comparatively rich men who knew the game, there was not much involved beyond the moral and ethical wrong of gambling.

No one cares much if jaded millionaires throw money around, but the fact that those who cannot afford to lose are dragged into games and beyond their depth, and that it is difficult to get a "friendly" game without betting, is alarming.

The reckless gambling of wealthy players sets a bad example to the young men and boys.

There was a foursome at the National two years ago in which a quartet of prominent and wealthy men, all "big business" leaders, were playing for ten thousand dollars a side and one thousand dollars a hole, with a five thousand dollar "Nassau." Before they had finished nine holes bets of five hundred dollars a stroke were being made.

At Lido, on another day, two players after a "friendly" argument in the clubhouse, bet twenty thousand dollars on a match. Neither was under one hundred strokes for the round.

The evil has reached such proportions in some clubs as to approach a scandal. At one of the North Shore clubs of Chicago, a clique of caddies was exposed in a plot to blackmail one player, threatening to charge him with cheating in a match. Being innocent of cheating, he refused to pay and exposed the entire situation.

Some players who perhaps would not cheat themselves are conveniently blind when their caddies improve the lie of the ball.

THERE was a match at one of the big New York district clubs two years ago when twenty-five hundred dollars depended upon a single shot. The ball was in the rough among bushes and the lie seemed impossible. Suddenly the player shouted "fore" and the ball went whizzing far toward the green. He had used a brassie and made a two-hundred-yard shot from a lie where it seemed impossible to hit the ball save with an iron—yet his opponent did not dare complain.

On another occasion a player, whose ball was deep in the rough, called to his opponent that his ball was in an impossible lie and that he was moving it. He moved the ball, drove it over a barn to the edge of the green—holed out—and the shot made him over two thousand dollars—and he got away with it.

With such huge sums wagered on the game the temptation to cheat is great, and few men, left alone with their conscience and their score cards, can resist it.

The example to caddies and other boys is bad. And the caddie, once he has discovered a player cheating, becomes disgusted, and is apt to turn blackmailer and crook himself.

The "ball a hole," "double on birdies" and "triple on eagles," and such "friendly" wagering, of course, ceases to be friendly when one of a foursome cannot afford to lose and feels compelled to bet because the others do.

Gambling on sport has for years been a regular industry in Boston. The latter city has been the center of all the big gambling activities and most of the crookedness, although St. Louis and Philadelphia also engaged to a lesser extent in that crooked business. New York, while betting more money, has not followed sporting gambling except on the horse races to any great extent.

EVEN the swindling baseball pools did small business in New York, compared with Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and the smaller Pennsylvania cities, until the Giants and Yankees took the lead in the game.

During the Brookline tournament the betting on golf downtown in Boston was tremendous. The most flagrant affront to the sport came when the leading figure in crooked gambling in New England appeared at the course, wearing a badge issued by the officials, and flaunted his presence upon the sport lovers of the country.

True, he was not betting nor was he talking betting. He seemed merely interested in the play, which he followed closely. But his very presence at Brookline created indignation. Protests were entered, and it was discovered that the badge was issued to him at the request of a man who knew his record well.

This gambler's boldness alarmed the lovers of golf, and an intensive drive against gambling was started. The United States Golf Association, which is the "highest hatted" body in America, and the Western both took steps to check the gambling on golf. Open wagering, on big tournaments at least, decreased quickly.

The betting during the open championship at Inwood, and during the amateur at Flossmoor, was extremely small, and there was no open betting allowed. But the heavy wagering on "friendly" games continues to increase.

It has become such an alarming evil and peril to the sport itself that scores of clubs have passed rules and appealed to members to try to check the evil, which they consider a menace to the game itself.

The fact that the leaders of golf know the peril and are striving to check it is having some effect, but try to get into a foursome and refuse to make a bet on your game and see how often you will be asked to play again.

THE END

An Easy, Exciting Contest. Open to Everybody!

$1,000 A WEEK FOR TITLES

TO LIBERTY COVERS!

THE PRIZE WINNERS!

THE persons named below have been awarded the eight cash prizes for having submitted, in the opinion of the judges of the contest, the best titles to the cover picture which appeared on the June 13 issue, and letters telling why they did or did not like the cover. Can you suggest a better title to the picture on the cover of this week's Liberty? Your idea may be the best! TRY!

June 13 cover picture for which the winning titles listed below were written.

FIRST PRIZE—$500

Talking Her INTO It.

HERMAN J. MEUER, 301 Norris Ct., Madison, Wis.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

A Slender Argument That Carries Weight.

J. B. DAWKINS, 402 Ouachita Bank Bldg., Monroe, La.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

The Bigger They Are the Harder They Fall.

E. PALMER GEORGE, 1050 W. 52d St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Entertaining a Big Buyer.

MRS. GEORGE E. DENNIS, 633 River St., Mattapan, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

But—48 Into 36 Won't Go.

MRS. M. VANDE CASTLE, 1657 Logan St., Denver, Colo.

SIXTH PRIZE—$25

Holding Out for His Largest Figure.

BURTON SLADE, JR., Griffin, Ga.

SEVENTH PRIZE—$25

More Dollars Than Sense (Cents).

MARY M. DONAHOE, 6334 Lakewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

EIGHTH PRIZE—$25

Figuratively Speaking.

ALVIN SCHELLENBERGER, 165 Nelson St., Stratford, Ont., Can.

8 Big Cash Prizes

Must Be Won Every Week

LIBERTY will pay $1,000 for the eight best suggestions for titles to the cover picture which appears on this issue. Examine the cover closely. You will note that it has no title. The picture portrays a kindly taxicab driver who is treating an aged hack horse to a piece of sugar. What do you make of it? They might be old friends! Can you suggest a title for the picture? Jot down your idea on the coupon below on this page; write a letter of not more than one hundred words telling why you like or dislike the cover, and mail it in. Your title may be the best! It may win one of the eight big cash prizes given this week. Each week's cover is a separate contest. It is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families. All suggestions will receive equal consideration. You don't have to be a subscriber to win. Begin TODAY!

This is a picture of the cover of NEXT WEEK'S Liberty. Can you suggest a title for it? It's an easy one! Send in your answer on Coupon No. 8 which will appear in next week's Liberty

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—($25 each)	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
   (a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
   (b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like, or do not like, the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish on the accompanying coupon or on a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of July 25. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Use the Coupon. You May Win One of the Eight Big Prizes!

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

"COVERS," No. 7

Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of July 18 is:.....

.....

WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

(On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like or do not like this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.)

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

ANOTHER $1,000.00 GIVEN NEXT WEEK!

Screen Matrimony Is So Trying

CAPTIONS BY ALVA TAYLOR

WHEN CLAIRE WINDSOR (above) plays a screen wife she generally has a hard time sticking to hubby. She plays with Pat O'Malley in Metro-Goldwyn's The White Desert.

Clarence Bull Photo

THE ORIGINAL wandering husband is Mr. Huntley Gordon (upper left panel), who has the reputation of being "the most neglectful husband on the screen" for the Warner Brothers.

Walter Fredrick Seely Photo

A NEW TYPE of leading man is the carefree, rollicking Pat O'Malley (upper right panel). Mr. O'Malley can be depended upon to stick to one heroine until he gets her.

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo

POOR IRENE RICH (right) is usually the wife deserted by Huntley Gordon. She plays in pictures with titles such as Warner Brothers' The Wife That Wasn't Wanted.

Melboure-Spurr Photo

A Page of Movie Reviews By Alva Taylor

Thomas Meighan

Lila Lee

Norman Kerry and Virginia Valli in *The Price of Pleasure.*

Alice Terry

Ernest Gillen

OLD HOME WEEK

Directed by V. Heerman A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Tom Clark.....*Thomas Meighan*
Ethel Harmon.....*Lila Lee*
J. Edward Brice.....*Larry Wheat*
Marshall Coleman.....*Charles Dow Clark*
Townsend Barton.....*Max Figman*
Uncle Henry.....*Charles Sellon*
Mary Clark.....*Zelma Tiden*

ONCE again George Ade has provided Thomas Meighan with one of the small-town roles in which he excels. Old Home Week is a Main Street story full of human appeal and comedy, with no attempt to thrill the audience with anything more exciting than a fake oil gusher from the neighboring reservoir, colored with black paint.

For that was the way that Tom Clark (Thomas Meighan) saved his home town from the crookedness of two fleecers who sold stock for a community oil well that wasn't gushing and never would. But the stockholders didn't know this.

Tom Clark had to do something to make up for the disgrace he brought upon himself by misrepresenting his material success in life when he came home for Old Home Week celebrations. He and his partner owned just one solitary gas and oil station in another part of the State. But it was on a piece of road that was being repaired, and so all the gas-using vehicles detoured around it. They hadn't sold one gallon of gasoline or one quart of oil since they started up business. But their business cards read *Amalgamated Oil Company of New York—Tom Clark, President.* Naturally the folks back home assumed that Tom Clark was worth millions. And it was such a novelty to Tom that he didn't try to clear up the misunderstanding about his financial status.

Since they thought Tom an oil king, the stockholders handed over to him all authority in connection with the community oil well. They hoped that his genius for oil would make the oil well gush. It did gush, in the manner described above, and although the good citizens didn't make enough profits to rush out and order ten-thousand-dollar cars, they didn't lose anything. And they took Tom to their arms, though he was only the president of one gas and oil station which didn't pay.

Charming Lila Lee once more plays opposite Meighan in this picture. The rest of the supporting cast is quite up to the mark, and the direction is good. It's a picture that you will enjoy.

ANY WOMAN

Story by Arthur Somers Roche

Directed by Henry King A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Ellen Linden.....*Alice Terry*
Tom Galloway.....*Ernest Gillen*
Mrs. Rand.....*Margarita Fischer*
James Rand.....*Lawson Butt*
Egbert Phillips.....*Henry Kolker*

ANY WOMAN brings the lovely Alice Terry to the screen in the midst of big business, smart society, and the launching of a new soft drink called Here's How. The story aims to show how hard it is for an honest working girl to stay honest when her employers take a fancy to her ankles, or her face, or both.

Ellen Linden (Alice Terry) had been to a school in Paris. She arrived in California, her home, after a long absence, with several trunks full of Paris frocks, and no practical knowledge of life. She was met at the station by a handsome young man she had never seen and a funny little car with "Here's How" painted all over the windshield. Ellen got into the adjoining limousine by mistake. She couldn't believe that she, brought up in the lap of luxury, was to ride in the funny car with the funny windshield. But it seemed that her father was very ill, and had lost all his money, and Ellen had to go to work.

Her lack of experience didn't get her a job as filing clerk with Rand and Phillips, private bankers, but her face and ankles did. And she learned what a trial it is when your employers take you on for flirting, not filing, purposes.

However, half of the firm—Mr. Rand—had more honorable feelings than the other half, and Ellen was sent down to his seaside estate to make an inventory. But before she went she persuaded Rand and Phillips to finance the handsome young man who owned the funny car.

Complications arose down at the seashore. But at the end of the picture Ellen and "Here's How" and Tom Galloway—who makes the new soft drink—are all happily united.

NEXT WEEK: *Beggar on Horseback and The Little French Girl, by Paramount, and First National's The Desert Flower.*

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE

Directed by E. Sloman A Universal Picture

THE CAST:

Linnie Randall.....*Virginia Valli*
Garry Schuyler.....*Norman Kerry*
Stella Kelly.....*Louise Fazenda*
Mrs. Schuyler.....*Kate Lester*
John Osborne.....*George Fawcett*
Bill McGuffy.....*T. Roy Barnes*

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE is well worth the price of admission at "your favorite theater." The story isn't what you might fear from the title. It doesn't, by a series of gay and giddy movie revels and escapades on the part of the heroine, attempt to prove that it is better to keep the home fires burning and be a good girl than to lead a dangerously pleasurable life at cabarets and millionaires' parties.

The pleasure, in this case, is one week of enjoyment given to a movie Cinderella by a movie Prince Charming. The price is a number of misfortunes which happen to the happy couple during the dramatic working out of the story.

The Cinderella (Virginia Valli) worked in the hardware department of a large New York store. Prince Charming, alias Garry Schuyler (Norman Kerry), happened to be wandering through the hardware department in overalls, looking for nails—also new experiences. At home he had a valet, a mother worth millions, and everything money could buy.

He overheard Linnie telling her friend that she would give everything for one week of pleasure. Garry decided to give her her week, not for any personal reasons, but in the same philanthropic mood in which he would send a check for free milk for babies, or free water for horses. He would, of course, demand nothing.

Every evening for a week Prince Charming took Cinderella, dressed in his absent sister's clothes, to all the gay and entertaining places of the big city, and every evening at the stroke of midnight Cinderella went home to her humble room.

After much trial and tribulation in the form of accident and separation, Prince Charming and his Cinderella, whom he had thought dead, were united for the happy ending.

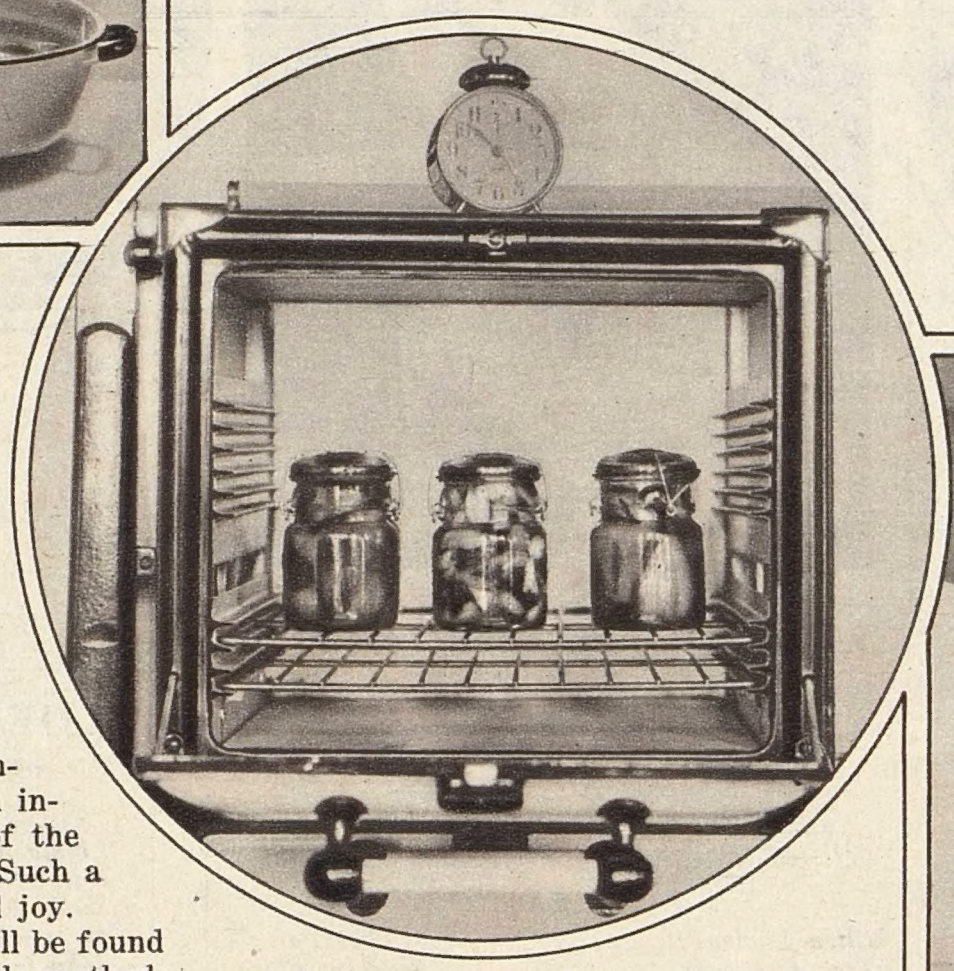
It's an interesting picture, well directed and smooth running in spite of the amount of ground covered. Virginia Valli and Norman Kerry make a pleasingly romantic couple.

Home Canning of Fruits

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

After being boiled, jars should be handled with a sterile fork. Never touch the inside of a jar or cover with the fingers.



Oven-canning is delightfully simple, and frees the housewife from hours of worrying with boiling pans and kettles.

"Paddling" a packed jar to remove air bubbles.

CANNING the abundance of fruits in the summer season creates an emergency shelf of extra nice possibilities for future meal service, to brighten the prospects on the arrival of an unexpected guest, and provide that necessary touch of color for meals throughout drab winter months. Above all, the contents of this shelf furnish a health insurance against the dietary evils of the too often fruitless winter menus. Such a shelf can be made a real pride and joy.

Numerous methods of canning will be found successful. There is the open-kettle method, where the can and contents are sterilized by boiling separately, and then combined and carefully sealed. The more modern or cold-pack method involves the packing of the uncooked fruit into clean jars, followed by the addition of sirup, after which the jar is closed, but not sealed, and is heated simultaneously, or processed, with its contents in a hot water bath, under steam pressure, or in a controlled heated oven.

Of these, the cold-pack oven-processed product affords the means of canning fruit that is the most ideal, for by this method we are able to can the whole or perfect slices of fruit which not only keep well, but retain their original shape, color, and flavor. This method eliminates standing over a hot steam bath and minimizes the watching over hot stoves. If an automatically controlled oven is used, it actually leaves the cook free of the kitchen.

Steps in the Canning Process

I. Select jars with covers and fresh stout rubbers which are firm and elastic, not brittle or spongy.

II. Test the jars by putting a cupful of water into each jar, placing the rubber in position and fastening on the lid. Invert the jar and watch for any escaping liquid. If there is no leakage, the seal may be considered safe.

III. Wash the tested jars and place them together with the tops, funnel, and a spoon for filling on a folded towel in a large pan of water. Bring the water to a boil and boil fifteen to twenty minutes to sterilize the jars. Do not remove the jars from the water until the fruit is ready to pack. Remove one at a time with a sterile fork or clamp—do not use fingers.

IV. Pack the jar with fruit prepared according to recipes given herein, place the scalded rubber which has been put in boiling water one minute, in position, fill the jar with sirup, made by boiling sugar and water together five minutes, paddle out all air bubbles, and adjust the lid loosely.

V. Place the filled jars of fruit in the oven, heated to the desired temperature, taking care that the jars do not touch one another, or into the hot water or steam vats, if other means of processing is used.

VI. Continue to heat the oven at the temperature for the given period of time.

VII. Remove the jars from the oven, seal tightly at once, invert, and let them stand until cool. Do not try to tighten the lids after the jars have cooled as this would probably break the seal.

VIII. Store the cooled jars in a dark, cool, dry place until used.

Canned Pineapple

Selected pineapples
Sirup made from 1 part of sugar to 1 part of water

PARE the pineapple; remove the eyes; and slice, dice, or shred it. Scald the fruit by immersing in a cheesecloth square or bag for three to five minutes in a covered kettle of boiling hot water. Dip the bag of fruit quickly in and out of a cold water bath. Pack the scalded jar as solid as possible with the fruit. Then fill it with hot sirup to within one inch of the top. Paddle the jar to remove all air bubbles. This is done by running a spatula or split bamboo paddle, previously sterilized by boiling, down the sides of the jar several times. Adjust the cover loosely and place in a 275° F. oven at once. Leave for one hour at this temperature. Seal and cool as per general recipe.

Canned Pears

Selected, graded pears
Sirup made from 1 part sugar to 2 parts of water

SKIN and core the pears, or if small, leave whole. Scald one and one-half minutes and then cold dip. Cook five to ten minutes in the boiling sirup, then pack whole, quartered, or sliced, in scalded jars; fill the sirup to within one inch of the top, paddle, and adjust the lid loosely. Place in 275° F. oven at once and leave one hour.

Canned Rhubarb

Selected, tender rhubarb
¼ as much sugar by measure as rhubarb

WASH the rhubarb and cut it into two-inch lengths. Add the sugar and place in a covered dish in a 350° F. oven thirty to thirty-five minutes. Pack this hot, tender rhubarb and sirup at once into the hot scalded jars, adjust rubber, paddle and adjust cover loosely. Place in a 250° F. oven for one-half hour. Seal and cool.

Canned Berries

Blackberries, raspberries, huckleberries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, or dewberries may be used.

Sirup 1 part sugar to 1 part water or berry juice for a sweet berry.

Sirup two parts sugar to 1 part water or berry juice for a sour berry.

PICK over the fruit, rinse thoroughly, dip *quickly* in and out first of hot, then of cold water. Pack into scalded jars by shaking the layers of berries down one layer at a time. Fill to within one inch of the jar top, add the hot sirup, place rubber in position, paddle, adjust lid loosely, and place at once in 250° F. oven. Let remain one hour. Seal and cool.

Canned Cherries

Selected cherries, washed and pitted — Sirup 1 part sugar to 1 part water

WASH the fruit in cold water. Stem and pit. Pack in hot, scalded jars to within one inch of the top. Place rubber in position. Fill to within one inch of jar top with hot sirup. Paddle. Adjust the cover loosely. Place in 275° F. oven for one hour. Seal and cool.

Canned Plums

Selected plums
Sirup 1 part sugar to 1 part water

WASH the firm fruit and halve if desired. If the fruit is left whole, prick the skin with a fine needle to prevent their bursting. Pack in scalded jars, fill to within one inch with sirup, paddle, adjust rubber and cover loosely. Place in 275° F. oven for one hour. Seal and cool.

Hot water or steam baths may be used in place of the oven processing, timing as follows:

Kind of Fruit	Hot Water Vat Boiling	Steam Pressure Vat 10 Lbs. Pressure
PINEAPPLE	15 minutes	18 minutes
PEARS	25 "	6 "
RHUBARB	12 "	5 "
BERRIES	12 to 15 "	5 "
CHERRIES	25 "	5 "
PLUMS	15 "	5 "

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The World's Greatest BAKING POWDER

IT has withstood every test known to domestic science experts and thirty-five years of service to the housewives of this country has won for it the title of "Best by Test."

There isn't a Baking Powder made that can compare with Calumet for economical and uniform results. Bakings made with it are always raised to their highest nutritional value. Its more-than-the-ordinary leavening strength is retained to the very last spoonful.

EVERY INGREDIENT USED OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY U. S. FOOD AUTHORITIES

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

No more rough, red hands from strong soaps – Lux keeps the busiest hands white and smooth and soft. Women use it

for

fine fabrics
dishes
family laundry
rugs
babies' bottles
porcelain
paint
linoleum
shampoo

Now

the Big new package

TODAY women are using Lux all over the house!

In the bathroom, of course, where for years their filmiest silks and treasured woolens have been whisked clean in the basin.

Lux left their hands so smooth and soft—they tried its big brimming suds for washing dishes. Gone were the rough, red, dishpan hands!

Each year clothes and household linens got nicer—and more expensive.

They deserved the same care as the finest fabrics—and were washed ten times as often!

So women began doing the family laundry with Lux and were repaid in longer service from everything they washed. With Lux not even this job left their hands red and sensitive

"Lux for everything we wash with our own hands," women vowed.

So many, many uses—upstairs and down—they wanted a bigger package. So now you may have the regular size or the big new package for general use. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

ALL *your things last longer when Lux-washed so . . . Lux for the family laundry as well as for the sheer, delicate fabrics!*

A SINGLE TEASPOONFUL *does the dishes—no more rough red hands!*

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it